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LIFE'S COUNTERPARTS.

BY W. B. D.

The grass is dead upon the hills,
The vale is of its verdure shorn,
And all the night the unveiled rills
Sigh for the ardent beams of morn,
Since now no rays of star or moon,
Bring them the glowing nights of June.

Beyond the meadows' shriveled turf
Flashes the endless line of light,
Where sullenly the crested surf
Breaks in crushed billows cold and white
Yet wages battle evermore
Against the strong defiant shore.

Amid the groves and forests moan
The winds that late on pinions fleet,
Ravished from leaf and flower blown,
Their freshness and their fragrance sweet
And now, sad revellers, they sigh
That roses and their sweets should die.

Within the gorges hoarsely roar,
November's wild and furious gales,
Whence soon the broken clouds shall pour
Their raging torrents on the vales,
And roll the fair and placid streams,
As evil shapes foul pleasant dreams.

Ill-browed and dull, the lowering skies
Look gloomily on all below,
Since in their dome no longer lies,
The summer's and the autumn's glow
While chilling winds are in the air,
And death, alas, seems everywhere!

And in these saddening scenes there be,
The phases of these lives of ours;
The grass, the stream, and sullen sea,
The sighing winds and its dead flowers—
All, all, if we but read our hearts
Are of ourselves the counterparts.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

LINLEIGH COURT stands on the southern coast, where the southern sea kisses the shores, and the fertile lands yield sweetest fruits and flowers. It has not the stamp of antiquity which makes some of the fair homes of England so celebrated.

The architecture is not of the grand old Norman type; it is of modern build, with large, cheerful, airy, sunlit rooms, each having a balcony filled with fairest flowers.

The chief recommendation of Linleigh Court is that the whole place does not contain one dull room; they are all filled with warmth, light, and fragrance.

The grounds are large, extensive, and magnificently laid out, and slope to the very edge of the sea. They are sweet, old-fashioned gardens, where grow all the flowers poets have ever loved.

On a bright summer's day, when the sun was shining on countless flowers, when the white doves and birds of bright plumage fluttered among the trees, it would have been impossible to have found a fairer home than Linleigh Court. On this bright, cold winter's day, it looked warm and cheerful; the evergreens were all in perfection.

The journey had been a comfortable one, thanks to Earle. He had seen that the travelers went first-class, which, notwithstanding the fifty pounds, would never have occurred to Mark.

He had attended to every detail of comfort, liberally feed the guards and porters, in spite of the printed regulations looking him in the face and forbidding any such ceremony.

When they reached Auderley Station, there was a carriage with a coronet on the panels, a smart coachman and footman awaiting them.

Mark looked aghast; the grandeur of the whole affair dismayed him; while Doris stepped into the carriage with the dainty air and grace of one who had always been accustomed to such luxuries.

Then they drove through the rich Kentish scenery until they came to the park. Mark first caught sight of the tall towers of the court from between the trees, and he cried out in surprise:

"This is a magnificent place, Doris. I think it is even better than Downsbury Castle."

"If you had seen the grand old Florentine palaces, you would not think much of either," said Doris, indifferently.

Whatever happened, she had made up her mind not to admire; they should not find her easily surprised. Yet as the magnificent terraces, the fountains, the superb building itself, came into sight, her heart swelled higher and higher with vanity and gratified pride.

No sweeter compunction or humanity such as sometimes visits a monarch about to ascend a throne came to her.

No gratitude to Heaven that she was to share in such glorious gifts; no resolve to make others the happier for her happiness; nothing but a sudden elation, a vain, self-glorious sensation, and contempt for the life she had left behind.

"So this is my father's house," she mused. "I have yet to see why he has lived in this affluence, while I have been brought up as a farmer's daughter?"

The two who were watching her wondered what brought that rapt expression to that beautiful face. They little guessed the nature of her musings.

"I wish this was all over," said Mark, as the carriage drew up at the stately entrance. "Only Heaven knows what we have to do now."

Doris laughed, a low, rippling laugh of perfect content; then the great hall door was flung open, and they saw the magnificent interior, the liveried servants, the shining armor, Mark's heart sunk within him.

Then he recovered himself a little, and when he looked around him, they were all three standing in one of the most magnificent halls in England. A servant was bowing before them, and Mark heard him say:

"My lord is anxiously expecting you; will you come this way?"

They passed through two or three rooms which, by their splendor, completely awed the farmer and his wife. Mark's shoes had never seemed to be so large and so thick as when they trod on that velvet pile.

The wondrous mirrors, picture and statues dazzled him, the quantity of ornaments puzzled him; he wondered how one could possibly move freely in such overcrowded rooms.

"We can not all be earls," thought Mark, "and I am not sorry for it. I am more comfortable in my kitchen than I could be here."

Mrs. Brace followed with a pale face. She wondered less about the externals, and more what they were about to see. When they reached the library, chairs were placed for them.

"My lord will be with you in a few minutes," said the servant, and they were left alone.

"I cannot help trembling," said Mrs. Brace. "What have we to hear?"

The words had hardly left her lips when the door opened, and a tall, handsome man entered the room. They say that his face was pale and agitated, and his lips trembled.

He looked at the farmer and Mrs. Brace, but not at the young girl who stood near them. As yet his eyes never met hers or rested on her. He went up to Mark with outstretched hands.

"You are Mr. Brace," he said. "Let me introduce myself—I am the Earl of Linleigh."

"I thought as much," replied Mark, anxious to do his best. "I have done what you wished, my lord—brought Mrs. Brace and Doris with me."

The earl held out his hand in silent greeting to the farmer's wife, but never once looked at the young girl. Then he drew his chair nearer to them.

"I must thank you for coming," he said. "You have been very prompt and attentive. I hoped you would come to day, but I hardly dared expect it."

"We thought it better to lose no time," said Mark.

"You did well, and I thank you for it. I have something of the greatest importance to say to both of you—something which ought to have been told years ago. You, perhaps, can almost guess it?"

Mark nodded, while his wife sighed deeply.

"Twenty years ago," continued the earl, "I was a young man, gay, popular, fond of life, an officer in the army, and the younger son of a noble family, but poor. You do not know how poor a man of fashion can be.

"I was very popular—every house in London was open to me—but I knew that I was sought for my good spirits and genial ways. As for marriage—well, it was useless to think of it, unless I could marry some wealthy heiress."

He paused for a few minutes, and Mark shook his head sadly, as though he would say it was indeed a wretched state of things.

"I speak to you quite frankly," said the earl. "It might be possible to gloss over my follies, and give them kindly names—to say they were but youthful follies, no worse than those of other young men; I might say that I sowed my wild oats; but I come of a truthful race, and I say I was no better—not one half as good, in fact, as I ought to have been.

"Then, as a climax to my other follies, I fell in love, and persuaded the young girl I loved to marry me privately. That was bad enough, but I did worse.

"When we had been a short time married, we quarreled. Neither would give in, and we parted. It matters little to my story who my wife was, whether above or below me in station, whether poor or rich—suffice it to say that we parted.

"Some time after I left England a little daughter was born to her. She still kept her secret. This little child she confided to the care of a servant. The servant must have known you or heard of you, for she left the little one, as you both know, at your door, and you took her in.

"They wrote to me and told me what they had done, far away in India. I was helpless to interfere. Then I lost my wife; but the child continued with you. I made no effort to reclaim her. I do not seek to gloss over my fault, believe me. The truth is, to a soldier in India a baby is not a very desirable object.

"The existence of this child was a source of embarrassment and confusion to me. I had not the means of supporting it as a daughter of the house of Studleigh should be supported, so I did what seemed so fatally easy, yet always leads to bad consequences—I let circumstances drift along as they would. The end of all was that as years went on I almost forgot the child's existence."

"But the money," said Mark, wonderingly, "always came the same."

The earl looked up quickly.

"Yes—oh—of course that was attended to," he said; but his face flushed and his eyes fell.

"To my great surprise," he continued, "I found myself, by a chapter of accidents, suddenly raised to an earldom. I am Earl of Linleigh now, and that is a very different matter from being simply Captain Studleigh.

"The daughter of Captain Studleigh might always remain unknown; the daughter of the Earl of Linleigh has a title and wealth of her own. You understand the difference, I am sure, Mr. Brace?"

"Yes," said Mark, "I understand."

"One of the first things I turned my attention to, after my accession to the estates, was the daughter my wife sent to you."

He looked nervously at the farmer and his wife, still never looking at Doris.

"Well, my lord," said Mark, "we have done our best by her; she has had a good education, and she is clever. The money sent has always been spent upon her. We love her very much, but she is not one of us, and never could be.

"So that it is something of a relief to us to give her back into your own hands. Doris, my dear," he continued, turning to the beautiful girl at his side, "it is of you we are speaking. You are not my daughter, my dear; my good wife here is not your mother; but we have been very fond of you since you were left a little helpless babe at our door, in the cold darkness and pouring rain."

The girl's face turned deadly pale. It was no news to her—this secret which poor Mark never dreamed she knew; it had long been no secret to her. She caught her breath with a low, gasping sigh.

"You have been very kind to me," she said—"very kind."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Brace, gently. "You see she loves us after all, Mark."

Then, for the first time, the earl turned slowly to look at his daughter. They could all see fear as well as anxiety in his eyes.

At first his lips quivered, and his face grew deadly pale; then gradually every other emotion became absorbed in admiration.

He came up to her and raised her face to the light; then, as the two faces looked at each other, the wonderful likeness between them became apparent.

"Nay, daughter," said the earl, gently, "no need to ask Mark Brace if this be indeed my daughter. Her face tells the story—she is a Studleigh. She seems like one of the family pictures come down from its frame. Welcome, my daughter, to your father's heart and home!"

And as he spoke, the earl kissed most tenderly the lovely, blushing face.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THEN, with the gallantry that was always natural to him, the earl placed his daughter in a chair. He turned with a smile to Mark.

"I was a coward," he said, "for the second time in my life. I was afraid to look at her; now I do not see how I can look anywhere else. How am I to thank you? You have brought me the fairest and most graceful daughter in England!"

"Well," said Mark, with an air of great consideration, "you see, my lord, we had nothing to do with her grace and beauty; but my wife has certainly done her best to teach the young lady little tidy ways, and such like."

"I hope she has learned them," said the earl, kindly. "Mrs. Brace looks as though she could teach all goodness. And this is

my daughter! Child, how like you are to me!"

"I am very glad, papa; am I not like mother, too?"

"No," he replied, gravely, "not in the least. Thank Heaven for it!"

When they heard those words they thought that he had certainly married beneath him—that his marriage had not turned out happily.

"There are some necessary legal forms to be gone though," said the earl, "and as business is always disagreeable, it will be well, perhaps, if we settle that at once. My lawyer is in attendance. It will be necessary for you and Mrs. Brace to make an affidavit stating that this is indeed my daughter, the infant placed under your charge."

"That will be easy enough," said Mark. "If some one does the writing, I will sign."

Lord Linleigh laughed; Mrs. Brace looked a little scandalized at the very free-and-easy speech. The earl said, laying his hand caressingly on the girl's shoulder:

"This becomes a very important lady now; we must be careful what we do about her. She is Lady Doris Studleigh, and that is one of the oldest titles in England."

"Who could have thought it?" said kindly Mrs. Brace. "Lady Doris Studleigh, let me be the first, your ladyship—my dear—to wish you health and strength to enjoy your good fortune."

The earl was pleased when he saw his daughter clasp her arms round her foster-mother's neck.

"She has a loving, grateful heart," he said to himself, "and that is rare enough in a Studleigh."

He little dreamed that in those few minutes Doris had read his character accurately, and that the action was performed entirely to please him.

The bell was rung, and the lawyer appeared. The affidavits were soon drawn out. Mark and his wife each swore solemnly that the young lady they brought to the earl was the child who had been left under their charge. Mark was greatly relieved when he found that he had nothing more to do than sign his own name.

"Affidavits were certainly never less necessary," said the lawyer. "The Lady Doris has a true Studleigh face."

How the girl's heart beat with high pride and gratified vanity as she heard her title from strange lips!

Then the lawyer was dismissed, and the earl led the way to the hall. To the surprise of the three strangers all the servants of the household were assembled, evidently by the earl's desire. He stopped one moment, looked at them, then, taking his daughter by the hand, led her before them.

"My good friends," said the earl, "I have a few words to say to you, and those few words are better said in public. You are, most of you, aware, I suppose, that years ago I was a captain in the army, without any expectation of ever being an earl. I married before I went to India—some of you know it, some do not. One daughter was born to me, and I lost my wife. My daughter has lived under the charge of her worthy foster-parents, and I trust you will pay all obedience, all respect, all honor to Lady Doris Studleigh."

"Long live Lady Doris Studleigh!" said some of the more enthusiastic.

There was not a heart present which was not touched by emotion. All eyes were fixed on that beautiful face turned half wistfully toward them.

"Long life and happiness!" said the others.

The earl looked pleased, then he led the way to the dining-room, where a grand banquet were prepared.

Mark never forgot that dinner—the plate, the wines, the fruit, the exquisite dishes, the number of well-trained servants. His embarrassment was at times something dreadful, but the earl was so kind, so considerate; he helped him at such critical periods, keeping during the whole time an observant eye on his daughter.

He was charmed with her grace, her dignity; and her perfectly easy manner delighted him even more than her marvelous beauty.

He saw that she was quite familiar with all the little details of table etiquette; and while he inwardly thanked Heaven that it was so, he secretly wondered how she had acquired it; evidently the good farmer and his wife had not taught her.

When dinner was over, the earl would not hear of their return, as Mark wished. He declared that they must remain and see all the sights of Linleigh, to the secret annoyance of Doris.

"The sooner she had finished with these vulgar people," she said to herself, "the sooner she should be able to take her own place."

But she was quick enough to take her cue from the earl's kindly behavior to them. Lord Linleigh had indeed quite sense enough to appreciate a noble, sterling character like Mark's. He made them happy as possible all the evening, and when they had retired he drew his daughter to his side.

"I have made no arrangements for you, my darling; shall we discuss them now?"

"No," she replied quickly, "not until Mr. and Mrs. Brace are gone away. I want to think of nothing but them while they are here."

He was so delighted that he drew her closer to him, saying:

"You are a treasure, Doris—you are, indeed, my darling. The housekeeper has a niece who will act as your maid until you choose one. The blue room has been prepared for you; to-morrow you shall choose a suite for yourself."

She thanked him, and then bade him good-night.

He watched the graceful figure and beautiful face until the door closed, then he sunk back in his chair in unutterable relief.

"Thank Heaven!" he said, "that is all over. I must write to Estelle and tell her how well it has all passed off." He sat musing for a short time with a smile on his face.

"I ought, most certainly, to think myself a very happy man," he said. "In all my life I have seen nothing to compare with that girl's face. Estelle will be very proud of her."

Meanwhile his daughter was rehearsing her first lesson in the dignified retirement of her own room. She had found in the pretty chamber, known as the blue room, a pretty, rosy maid waiting for her; a bright fire was burning, the lamps were lighted on the toilet-table; the room looked the very picture of luxury and comfort. The maid greeted her with a most respectful courtesy.

"If you please, my lady, the housekeeper desired me to remain here at your service."

"Draw that easy-chair to the toilet-table," said Lady Doris; "find me a footstool and give me from my box there a book bound in yellow paper."

Her orders were obeyed with a quickness and dexterity that amazed her, imperious as she was.

"Now," said Lady Doris, leaning back in her chair so as to enjoy the fire and bright pearly light, "you can brush my hair; but be very careful—I am very particular over it."

It was certainly a sight to be seen, that long, rippling, golden hair, bright as the sunbeams, soft as silk, fine, abundant, full of natural waves. The girl looked at it admiringly as it hung over her arms in a great shower.

"It really does seem a pity to sleep in it," she thought. "If it were my hair I should like to take it off at night."

When sufficient of that ceremony had been gone through, Lady Doris turned round.

"Will you go to the housekeeper and say I should like some wine and a bunch of grapes, if she has any?"

The maid complied. The housekeeper, all anxiety to please my lady, sent a bottle of finest Burgundy, with a bunch of rich grapes that were tempting enough."

"My mistress is as beautiful as an angel," said the maid, "but she knows how to look after her own comforts."

"So do all ladies," was the housekeeper's reply; "what else have they to do? But when you have lived as long as I have, Emily, you will know how to wait upon people without making comments upon them."

The maid returned to the room: her lovely young mistress still sat reading by the fire.

"What shall I do for you in the morning, my lady?" she asked.

"See that I am not called too early; let me have some chocolate just after I awake, and see that the water of my bath is both warmed and perfumed."

Emily opened her eyes in wonder, but thought it better to say no more. She contented herself by thinking again that Lady Studleigh knew how to study her own comforts.

"Is there anything more I can do to-night, my lady?"

"Nothing more," was the reply, given with a smile that won the maid's heart for ever and ever.

She hastened to the housekeeper's room to make her report.

"So beautiful, kind, and gracious, but a thorough lady—no nonsense, no freedom—a lady who looked as though she would keep the whole world in its place." And the servants crowded round her to listen and admire.

Lady Doris was impatient to be alone—impatient to look the door between herself and all human kind, in order that she might give some little freedom to the emotions pent up in her heart.

She had controlled herself so well; she had won surprise, admiration, and wonder by simply refraining from expressing any of the three.

Now no curious eyes were gazing at her, no curious ears were listening to what words in her triumph escaped her. She locked the door, then stood before the large mirror and steadfastly looked at herself.

"All this is mine!" she said. "I have every wish of my heart at last! I have luxury such as I never dreamed of—magnificence suited for a queen! I have a title that makes music in my ears! I have one of the noblest earls in England for my father! Ah, how near I have been to losing all this; even now I might lose it if that terrible secret of mine become known—it would be taken from me. My father would forgive me many things, but never that."

She stood quite still; the color faded from her beautiful face; a cold chill seized her.

"How foolish I am," she said. "What need have I to fear? Only one other person knows my secret, and he would be the last, I know, to make it known. If ever he attempts it he shall die."

Then she laughed, but there was something dreary in the laugh.

"I shall never see him again," she said to herself; "and if I did—if he declared that he knew me—I should look quite steadily in his face and say—swear, if necessary—that in all my life I had never met him before. I am Studleigh enough to have nerve for that. Who was my mother, I wonder? Some one of whom the earl is evidently ashamed; therefore she can have little interest for me."

CHAPTER I.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the kindness and hospitality that the earl had shown to Mark, it was some relief to the farmer to know that when morning dawned he was that day to return home. The grandeur of Linleigh Court oppressed him; he longed to be with his laborers and his cattle, at work.

The earl took breakfast with them; Lady Doris was not down—"she was tired," the maid said.

"I was afraid it would be too much for her," said Mrs. Brace. "I am sure, my lord, the more I think of it, the more wonderful it seems."

"Yes, it is quite a romance," laughed the earl. But neither he nor those with whom he spoke dreamed how that romance was to end in a tragedy.

The morning being fine, though cold, the earl asked them to visit the conservatories. By this time Doris had come down and was ready to join them.

While they were going through one of the large conservatories, Lady Doris suddenly caught sight of the Indian plant she had admired so much at Downsbury Castle—the plant with scarlet bells and sweet, subtle perfume. She hastened to it, and clasped a spray in her white hands.

"That is like the face of an old friend," she said.

"Why?" asked the earl, amused by the action.

"I saw some flowers like it at Downsbury Castle," she replied.

The earl looked keenly at her.

"Downsbury Castle!" he said. "I knew the Duke of Downsbury. What took you there, Doris?"

"What takes half the world everywhere?" she replied. "Curiosity. I wanted so very much to see the interior of a castle, and to see if the people living there really led fairy lives."

"And what did you think?" he asked, still in the same voice.

"I liked it very much, but, papa, I like Linleigh Court better—it is more Italian, with sunshine and flowers everywhere."

"So you saw all the flowers at Downsbury Castle?" he continued, in the tone of one who asks a question.

"Yes, and beautiful enough they were; but I saw something even fairer than the flowers, papa."

"What was that, Doris?"

"I saw—listen gravely—I remember the whole of the name—I saw the Lady Estelle Hereford, only daughter of his serene and mighty highness, the Duke of Downsbury."

He laughed, but there was something forced and unnatural in the sound.

"I know her," he said, trying to speak calmly; "they are very dear friends of mine. What did you think of her, Doris?"

It was wonderful how he learned to appeal to and rely on the judgment of this fair young daughter.

"I thought her perfectly beautiful, perfectly graceful, perfectly gentle, but tame, papa."

"Tame, child! What do you mean?" he asked.

It was such a novel and not overpleasant sensation for him to hear a mother called "tame" by her daughter, although it was done in supreme ignorance.

"I cannot explain the word, papa, if you cannot understand it by instinct. Earle would if he were here. I liked her very much, but she puzzled me; her face kept changing color; she was proud, yet familiar; haughty, yet gentle. She talked to me about love and marriage, just as Mattie would have talked."

"Poor Estelle!" murmured the earl; then he said aloud: "How would Mattie have talked? Give me an example."

"My lord!" cried Mrs. Brace, in alarm. "I am quite sure that Mattie never said a wrong thing in her life."

"I am equally sure of it," said the earl, kindly.

"Mattie, like Lady Estelle, has great notions, papa—duty and all those disagreeable things were first."

"That is right," said the earl. Even to himself he did not own how the introduction of Lady Estelle's name had startled him.

Doris hastened on among the flowers. Lord Linleigh lingered behind, while he said to Mark and his wife:

"You are tenants of the Duke of Downsbury, are you not?"

"Yes," replied Mark.

"Then I do not mind telling you, in all confidence, that you will probably hear or read something about Lady Hereford and myself which will please you."

Mrs. Brace understood him at once.

"My lord," she said, "I am so sorry that Lady Doris called her tame."

He laughed good-naturedly.

"She speaks her mind frankly," he said, "and that, at least, is a recommendation. Lady Estelle would only be amused if she heard it."

"He means to marry her," said Mark to his wife, as the earl hurried after his daughter; but Mrs. Brace had the strangest expression on her face.

"What is it?" Mark asked. "Surely you are not ill?"

"No, I am not ill; but I will say this, Mark, it is a most awful world—no one can understand it."

"Do as I do, my dear; the world never trouble me, because I take no notice of it."

But that philosophy was not in the way of Mark's wife.

"Doris," said the earl, when he overtook his daughter, "I wish to consult you."

"I am not a very wise person to consult," she replied, with a charming little smile, "but what little wit I have is quite at your service, papa."

"My dear child," he said, "between ourselves, the Studleighs have never been deficient in wit, but there has hardly been one steady head in the whole race."

"That is deplorable enough. We must try to alter it," she said, laughingly. "To begin with, I will steady my own. What do you wish to consult me about, papa?"

"I want to do something substantial and handsome for your foster-parents," he said. "What shall it be?"

"A steam-plow for Mark, and black satin dress for his wife—that is the highest ambition of both."

"Then you shall present them those gifts. But I mean something substantial. What do you think of a thousand pounds as a dowry for his daughter, and a thousand to be spent in improvements on the farm?"

"I think you are very fortunate to have thousands to spare; and I think also that it is very charming of you to give them so much," she replied.

Lord Linleigh looked wistfully at her.

"Money could never repay such a benefit as Mark Brace and his wife have conferred upon me, Doris," he said. "I am an aristocrat, it is true; but I shall be more proud of reckoning that honest farmer among my friends than I should of calling a king brother."

"That is a very grand sentiment, papa," laughed Doris. "It is almost worth printing in a book. I must confess I would

rather have a king for my brother than any man for a friend. I think Mark will be delighted with the steam-plow. After all, what you are pleased to call the benefit they conferred on you was not without its reward. Mark Brace was very fond of me—he always said I made the sunshine of Brackenside."

The earl looked amused at this fashion of making matters straight; but before they went away, he gladdened the hearts of the farmer and his wife.

"A thousand pounds?" said Mark, looking in the most bewildered fashion at the check he held in his hand—"a thousand pounds, my lord, to spend as I like! It is impossible—it can not be true. I must not take it—I have done nothing to deserve it."

But Lord Linleigh greeted his scruples with—

"You have done for me and my daughter that which few would have done so well," he said.

"I did my duty, my lord—no less, no more; and a thousand pounds for doing my duty is an enormous reward."

But his surprise was redoubled when, added to this, the earl insisted that he should take a thousand pounds for Mattie's dowry, and would not hear of any refusal.

Then, indeed, the tears stood warm and bright in Mark's eyes, and Mrs. Brace wept like a child. "A dowry for Mattie!"—the brightest hope, the maddest dream they had ever entertained.

Mattie to have a fortune! Not that it would make her a wealthy heiress, but it would at least secure her from all want. Let them die now, whensoever Heaven pleased—their daughter would never want.

Lord Linleigh could never forget the thanks that were lavished on him—the gratitude, the warmth of emotion.

"And now," said the earl, "there is one thing more that I wish you to do for me. It relates to my daughter's engagement with Earle Moray."

Mark looked at him with anxious eyes.

"We have been speaking of that, my lord—my wife and I. It may not perhaps seem much of a match for her, now that she is my lady; but if you were to search the wide world over, you would never find any one who loved her so dearly as Earle—no one so honest, so good and true. It will be but a poor chance for her, my lord, if she finds a fortune and loses Earle."

"So I believe," said the earl. "It is about that I wish to speak to you. You will see Earle on your return; tell him, from me, that the change in my daughter's position need make none in her engagement to him; tell him, from me, that as far as my consent can ratify and approve it, I most freely give that consent. Tell him also that I will do my best to push his fortune."

Mrs. Brace looked at him with grateful approval.

"My lord," she said, in her simple fashion, "they speak truthfully when they call you a noble man."

Lady Doris, proud of her name, her fortune, her position, did not feel quite so pleased when she heard this. It had been all very well when she was Doris Brace—it had been all very well in Florence, when Earle had become tiresome, she had been compelled to repeat her promise of marriage, and pledge herself to him over and over again; but there had been a faint hope in her mind that when she was once with her father, under the shelter of his roof, he would never allow her to fulfill the engagement.

She never dreamed that he would chivalrously exact its fulfillment. Still, she was wise enough to be silent, and not say what was in her mind. She had learned that great lesson women so often fail in—when to be silent and when to speak.

When they were once more alone, Mrs. Brace expressed her great sense of the earl's kindness and real goodness. She thought it so noble of him that he should wish the engagement to continue.

"It would break Earle's heart to lose you," she said. "When you went away—abroad, I mean—I thought he would have died."

Lady Doris raised her head with the lofty air natural to her.

"You do not understand," she said. "The earl could not break his word, or persuade another person to break a promise. Noblesse oblige!"

"Ah, my dear," said the kindly woman, "you are far ahead of me—I never did quite understand you—you are clever and learned; you have speech of your own that I can not follow; but, however great or grand you may be, you will never find any one to love you so truly as Earle does."

"I am sure of that, she replied; then turned hastily away. She was growing tired of nothing but Earle.

Surely they were all in a conspiracy, all plotting for Earle. Yet, despite her impatience, she owned to herself that all the love she had to give away was given to him.

CHAPTER LI.

THE atmosphere seemed clearer to Lady Doris Studleigh when the kindly farmer and his wife were gone. She wanted nothing to remind her of what she chosen to call that miserable period of her life.

She was always vexed that the earl had spoken so frankly of them as her foster parents. There was no need, surely, for all the house to know that she had been brought up on a farm.

She would have been surprised if she could have known the amount of respect that the servants, one and all, felt for Mark Brace.

No person could know him without feeling for him the greatest possible liking; his honesty, the simple, rugged grandeur of his character, attracted all.

She, who measured men by the length of their pedigree and purses, was quite unable, even in her own mind, to do justice to Mark Brace.

He might be as chivalrous as Bayard, self-denying as Sir Philip Sydney, brave as the Black Prince, but, for all that, he was only a farmer. Therefore it was a relief to her when he was gone. She felt more at ease in her father's house when they were gone.

When Lord Linleigh, after seeing them off from the station, had returned to the court, he sent for his daughter to the library.

"Now my darling," he said, "it is quite time we had a little serious talk together. How strange it seems to me to have a grown-up daughter like you. Sit down; I have so much to say to you. To begin with, do you find yourself at home?"

"I have never felt more at home in my life," she replied, calmly; "and I think it is because I am in my right place at last."

"Most probably so. Now, Doris, there are several things that you want, and must have at once—a Parisian waiting maid and a wardrobe suited to your position. Do you ride?"

"Yes; it is one of my favorite amusements.

"That is right; you must have a horse and a groom; there will be a carriage at your disposal. But over your wardrobe we must have some advice. You will require everything, just as though you were being married."

"That is certain," she replied, with a quiet smile; "but I do not think I shall need advice. I am quite competent myself to select what I want."

"But, my dear child, how can you be?"

"You forget that I went out as governess, and so had the opportunity of studying those things. Trust me and see. I shall go at once to Madame Francoise, the head court milliner, and you will be satisfied, I am sure, with the result."

"I shall be delighted, I am sure, if that be the case," said the earl. "Then you will want jewels. The Studleigh jewels are very fine ones—I suppose we have the finest jewels in the world."

"Why will they not do for me, then?" she asked.

"Because they must go to my wife. The family jewels are always the property of the reigning Countess of Linleigh."

"But, papa, there is no reigning Countess of Linleigh," she said, with a little laugh.

"No, my dear—not just at present; but I hope that there soon will be."

His face flushed slightly, and he looked confused for a few moments. Then he said:

"That is another of the things I want to talk to you about. I ought to tell you that I think of marrying again."

There was a few minutes of dead silence.

She did not quite like it; it was not what she had expected. She had anticipated being mistress of Linleigh Court. The earl continued:

"It will be much happier for me, Doris, and decidedly better for you. You labor under great disadvantages at present, although I acknowledge your beauty, your grace, and your tact to be perfect; still, you require, before you make your debut in the great world, to spend some little time in the society of a well trained woman of the world."

She was quick enough to know that this was perfectly true.

"You are right, papa," she said; and the admission pleased him.

"It will also be greatly to your advantage, Doris," he continued. "When you make your debut in the great world, you will find the chaperonage of a lady essential to you. Still, my child, although there are many advantages, for you, do not let me mislead you. It is not for your sake I am going to marry; it is for my own, because I really love the lady who will soon, I hope, be Countess of Linleigh."

She made a violent effort to conquer herself. There was nothing to be gained, she knew, by opposition—everything by cheerful acquiescence. She went to him and clasped her arms around his neck, and kissed his face.

"I hope you will be happy, papa," she said—"I hope you will be very happy."

"Thank you," he replied, cheerfully; "I do not doubt it, my darling. I think we shall all be happy together. Guess, Doris, who it is that I hope soon to bring here."

"I can't guess, papa. I do not know the ladies of your world."

"You know this one," he said, laughingly, while she, half-frightened, said:

"How can I?"

"You have been to Downsbury Castle, have you not?"

A sudden light came over her face, then she laughed.

"Can it be Lady Estelle Hereford?" she cried. "Oh, papa, you will never forgive me for calling her tame."

"I have forgiven you. Do you not think you will be very happy with her."

"I am sure I shall like her very much; she is so fair, so well bred, so gentle. How little I dreamed, papa, on that day I was sitting so near to her, that she would be my step-mother—that I should ever live with her. I am so glad!"

She did not understand why his face quivered, as with pain. He drew the bright, golden head down to his breast.

"My darling," he said, gently, "you shall have all the love, the care, the affection that a father can show his child—you shall have everything your heart desires and wishes for, if you will do one thing in return."

"I will do anything in return," she said.

And for once there was something like deep feeling in her voice.

"I want you to be kind to this wife of mine, Doris. She is not very strong; she had been petted and spoiled all her life. Be kind to her as though—as though you were her own child, or her own younger sister. Will you, Doris? Promise me that, and you will give me the greatest happiness that it is in your power to confer upon me."

"I do promise," cried Doris. "I cannot say that I will love her as my mother, but I will be everything that is gentle and obedient."

"Thank you, my darling. Only do that, and you will see what return I will make to you. There is another thing, Doris, I wish to speak to you about. You heard and agreed with what I said to Mrs. Brace, that I wish your lover, Earle Moray, to understand that I shall consider the engagement between you as binding as though you had always remained at the farm."

"You are very kind, papa," she said; but this time there was no ring of truth and tenderness in her voice.

"It is but just, Doris. I shall make his advancement in the world my chief study. Money can be no object in your marriage—you will in all probability have a large fortune—still I should like the man you marry to hold some position in the world. From what you tell me of Earle Moray, I should imagine that he is a man of great talent. If so, there can be little difficulty."

"He has something more than talent," said Doris, proudly—"he has genius."

"My dear child, you will know, when you are as old as I am, that talent and industry are worth any amount of genius."

"I am sure that he has industry, papa," she said.

"Then, if he has industry and genius, his fortune is sure," said the earl. "As soon as we have a Countess of Linleigh to do the honors, we must ask Earle Moray to come and see us."

Of all things, that was perhaps what she desired most, that he should see her in her true place, surrounded by all the luxury and magnificence that belonged to her station. It was the strongest wish of her heart.

"Can we not ask him before then, papa?"

"No; there, you see, Doris, the laws of etiquette and ceremony step in. Until you have some lady to chaperon you, we can not receive any young gentlemen visitors. That will be one convenience of a step-mother."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

WALKING.—A Swiss statistician has taken the trouble to count the number of steps he took in walking during the whole year. The number he finds to have been 9,760,900, or an average of 26,740 steps a day. Going still further into details, he declares that over 600,000 of these steps were taken in going up and down stairs.

BEDTIME IN ANCIENT DAYS.—The boys and girls of this period would think their lots very hard should they be sent to bed at dark. Yet the majority of grown people, as well as the children, in ancient Rome rarely lighted a candle unless at dawn. In Rome, Athens, Egypt, and other parts of the Mediterranean shore, the bedtime was between seven and nine o'clock in the evening, according to the season. The Turks go to bed early and get up early to this day.

ITALIAN WARMING APPARATUS.—No Italian apartment, however humble, is without its cassetta for the feet. They are oval boxes, generally of brass, with perforated lids, and are filled with small burning charcoal. Scaldini, heated in a similar way for warming the hands, are terra-cotta baskets of graceful shape, with a circular handle by which they can be carried about. But the quaintest of all appliances is the Italian substitute for the warming-pan. It is simply a wooden cage open at the bottom, inside which is swung by a strong wire the earthenware scaldino, full of live charcoal.

THE SUMMER OF THE SAINTS.—It is almost too good to be true, but yet it is said to be the case, that every autumn there is a second summer, beginning on the 23rd of October and lasting for some thirty days. Oh that the poor folk of the British Isles might get an occasional glimpse of such a season! This short second summer bears various names. It has been called St. Martin's Summer, the saint's day being on the 11th of November; All Saint's Day; Hallowe'en Summer, the 31st of October being Hallowe'en; and St. Luke's Little Summer, although the Saint's Day falls on the 18th of October, almost before the autumnal summer is due.

THE BEST.—It has long been a moot point whether single or married men make the best soldiers. Some maintain that the lack of wife and family tends to make a man more reckless of his life, therefore a good soldier. Others say that the married man is almost a veteran when he enters the ranks, being inured to combat, therefore a good soldier. In the recent Tunisian campaign a French colonel was questioned upon this point. "Both are right," said he. "Look yonder. Do you see that battalion of happy, devil-may-care fellows? They are all single men, and they would take their lives in their hands. But look again. Do you see those taciturn, sombre, gloomy-looking men there? They are all married, and in a hand-to-hand fight they are terrors." "What is the name of the battalion?" asked the enquirer. "They are called," said the colonel gravely, "The Children of Despair."

WOOD ENGRAVING.—The invention of wood engraving, like that of gunpowder, has been claimed for the Chinese, whose books have certainly been printed for ages from engraved blocks. It has even been asserted that the art of cutting figures in relief and printing impressions of them on paper was known and practised by that nation as early as the reign of the renowned Emperor Wu-Wing, 1120 B. C. There is no doubt that wood stamps were used by the ancient Egyptians and Romans for stamping bricks, and other articles made of clay; and that wood and metal stamps of monograms, etc., were used in various European countries for attesting deeds and other documents, at a very early period, when writing was considered an extraordinary accomplishment, even for princes. It was not, however, until the beginning of the fifteenth century that any evidences of wood engraving, as understood at this day, were found. The earliest print of which any certain information can be obtained is that discovered in one of the most ancient convents of Germany, which represents St. Christopher carrying the infant Saviour across the sea, and is dated 1423. This art was employed in illustrating many of the early editions of the Bible, and with rapid strides has at length reached a degree of perfection which is truly wonderful, as may be seen by reference to numerous works to be found in libraries or book stores, the lights and shades and other minutiæ of the engravings comparing favorably with those done upon steel or copper.

TRUE AND STRONG.

BY D. R. W.

Swift pass the days with plighted hearts,
When love is true and strong;
For them each moment soon departs,
The hours are never long;
They care not when the tempests rise,
Or snows of winter fall;
Love fills for them the hidden skies,
And lightens, brightens all!

The summer with each charming scene—
Its wealth of roses sweet,
Its shady groves and forests green,
Its brooks that kiss their feet—
Brings tardy hours and lengthened days.
But never days too long,
Where hearts, though parted by their ways,
To each are true and strong.

Each life may have its angry fates
To follow and harass;
And men prove false, with bitter hates,
To meet them at each pass,
Yet through them all the days shall glide,
The hours seem never long,
Where time and space fond hearts divide,
And love is true and strong!

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH IMPOSTOR," "RUSHED UP?" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC."

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

As he neared the Court lands he heard the sound of firing, and presently saw a shooting party in the preserves. They were laughing and talking, and in their midst was Mordaunt Sapley.

He had all the air of a host entertaining his guests, and it was evident that he was playing the part as if it were a familiar one. The sight filled Gerald with amazement and bitterness; it seemed an indescribable one.

Why, only a few months ago, he had flogged Mordaunt Sapley, not far from this very spot, for ill treating a dog; only a few months ago he, Gerald, had walked beside Claire along that path, and Mordaunt Sapley, if they had met him, would have saluted them almost like a servant!

Had all the world at Court Regna turned topsy turvy? As he stood looking at them, Mordaunt came his way and saw him. He started slightly and frowned, but recovered himself instantly and nodded pleasantly at Gerald.

Gerald could scarcely bring himself to return his salutation, and walked away. Before he had gone many yards Mr. Mordaunt Sapley's election address stared him in the face. Gerald stopped and read it, and laughed bitterly.

Yes, certainly, things had come to a pretty pass at Court Regna! As he reached the cottage, still fuming inwardly, he saw Jenks the coastguard sitting on a bulkhead. He touched his hat, and looked at his pipe and then at Gerald.

"Could you give me a pipe of——"

Gerald cut him short by chucking him the tobacco pouch. Jenks filled his pipe leisurely, glancing at Gerald sideways as he did it.

"Been makin' inquiries, sir?" he asked.

Gerald nodded absently as he gazed out to sea.

"And ain't found anything, sir, judging by yer looks?" said Jenks. "You could not hear o' that gent?"

Gerald did not see any reason for concealing his failure. "No," he said.

"Ah!" said Jenks, lighting his pipe. "If you trace that there bundle as Mr. Mordaunt heard of the bundle she took with her—you'd find out the truth soon enough, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," assented Gerald moodily.

"That there bundle's worth something," remarked Jenks, musingly. "I should say it was worth a power of money."

The man's words struck Gerald as strange, and he looked at him for the first time with some attention.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Of course it would be a very strong clue. If we could trace that, we should trace poor Lucy."

"Ah, poor girl!" said Jenks. "I wonder somebody ain't offered a reward," he added reflectingly. "It 'peare to me that's the best way of findin' things."

"Reward!" said Gerald. "I would give—" He stopped and sighed. "I'm sorry to say I'm a poor man, Jenks; but if I were rich I'd give a thousand pounds for anything that would help me to find Lucy Hawker."

Jenks puffed at his pipe, thoughtfully. "Yes, it's worth that," he said in a casual way. "Well, sir; I wish you luck in your search; not as I think you'll have any," he added to himself, as Gerald went into the cottage.

Jenks sat smoking his pipe on the bulkhead for an hour or so, then he got up and walked off towards the cliff.

When he had reached the point which overhung the slip of sand beneath which Lucy lay sleeping, he stopped and, looking down, scratched his head thoughtfully.

"I reckon it's about time," he said to himself. "He's a clever 'un, is this Mr. Wayre; cleverer than the other devil. If I wait much longer I shall come in a day after the fair."

He went on his beat, but, when the dusk had fallen, he turned from the cliffs and went up the Court road.

He walked quite openly until he was quite close to the house, then he hesitated, scratched his head, and turning away from the entrance, went along the terrace.

Lights had been lit in some of the rooms, and a lamp was burning in the library. Jenks looked in at the window, and saw Mordaunt seated at the table.

He was in evening dress, and a diamond shirt stud flashed into Jenks' eyes. Mr. Mordaunt was neither reading nor writing, but was sitting with his head resting on his hands, as if he were very tired or lost in thought.

Jenks tapped at the window.

Mordaunt started, sat erect and stared at the darkness outside. Jenks tapped again, and Mordaunt drew aside the partially closed curtains and opened the window.

As he saw Jenks, his face went white, and he drew back half a step; then, with an affectation of anger, he demanded, "What the deuce are you doing here?"

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, with the impassive stolidity which had always infuriated Mordaunt. "I have stepped up for a little advice."

Mordaunt bit his lip as he closed the window and turned to confront the man.

"Why didn't you come by the front way?" he asked.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Jenks, with a kind of wooden respect. "Thought this 'ud be more convenient."

"Well, what is your business?" asked Mordaunt, with all the hauteur he could command.

"It's about this Lucy Hawker affair, sir," said Jenks.

Mordaunt started, and, to hide the start, sank into his chair. "Well?" he said, harshly.

"It's just this way, sir," said Jenks; "I've heered as there's going to be a reward offered for information; some says as it'll be as much as a thousand pounds—at any rate, it's worth that."

"Who is offering a reward?" asked Mordaunt.

"Well; I reckon it'll be Mr. Wayre. Oh, yes, he's a poor man," he went on slowly, as if in answer to Mordaunt's sneer. "But he can get money from them as 'ud like to know the truth—Miss Sartoris, or Lord Chester!"

"Well, supposing so," broke in Mordaunt, "what have you to do with the business? What is it to you?"

"Only this," said Jenks with the same cast-iron stolidity. "Seein' that I was on the cliff, and saw you chuck her over, and afterwards watched you from behind the rocks, while you buried her—and wery neat you did it too, sir—yer see, I'm in a fair way of getting that thousan' pounds, ain't I, Mr. Mordaunt?"

Mordaunt rose to his feet, livid with amazement and terror.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MORDAUNT fell to trembling like a leaf. A feeling of nausea, of actual physical sickness came over him, and he stared at Jenks with distended eyes as if he did not see him; indeed, he saw nothing but the dead body lying on the sand.

Then the paroxysm of terror gave place to a frenzy of rage, of impotent rage; that he should be in the power of this clod, this lump of common clay; he, Mordaunt Sapley, whose cleverness and astuteness were becoming a by-word in the neighborhood!

He leant back and wiped the cold sweat from his livid face. He did not attempt to deny, to bluster; he knew it would be of no use. The man had seen him—could hang him. He had to accept the fact and make the best of it.

Jenks watched him with the same stolid regard; there was something terrible in the cool matter of fact way in which the man played his part; he might have been selling a basket of herrings on an old boat, so utterly impassive and almost uninterested were his manner and expression; and he waited for Mordaunt to speak, with the most perfect patience and certainty of the result.

Mordaunt spoke at last. The words seemed to leave his lips with difficulty, and his voice sounded hollow and weak.

"What is it you want?" he asked, going direct to the point.

"Well, I was thinking £5,000 wouldn't be too much, Mr. Mordaunt," said Jenks.

"That is—ridiculous!" said Mordaunt, thickly. "Fifty or a hundred—"

Jenks shook his head. "Taint near enough, Mr. Mordaunt!" he said. "The other party 'ud give me £5,000. I'd better wait and see, or go to them; it don't make no odds to me whether I gets it from them or you. I've only got to take them the bundle and show 'em that neat, little grave—"

"The bundle!" said Mordaunt.

Jenks nodded. "Yes, I've got that. I picked it up where she dropped it; funny, your forgetting that bundle, Mr. Mordaunt, wasn't it?"

"And if I give you this thousand pounds," said Mordaunt, "what will you do?"

"I should buy a little farm," said Jenks "somewhere in this neighborhood!"

"And lose the money and come down upon me for more!" said Mordaunt, with something like a snarl. "I think not! Listen to me, Jenks! You think yourself very clever, you think that you have got me in your power, and that you can bleed me to the last penny. Don't be too sure. You are an ignorant man, Jenks, and know nothing of the law; you imagine that no harm can come to you over this affair; you fancy that you have only to carry your story to the police, take your reward—your blood money—and go in peace. You are mistaken. If any trouble comes to me, you will share it!"

"Me, sir?" said Jenks, with an incredulous smile. "How can that be? I didn't have no hand in it!"

"Ah," said Mordaunt. "That's where you are so ignorant, my good Jenks! Did you never hear of an accessory after the fact? I imagine not! And yet that is what you are.

"The man who conceals his knowledge of a crime, and so assists the criminal, is in the eyes of the law only less guilty than he. You say that you saw me—that you saw certain things on a certain night, months ago; you have concealed the knowledge, have suppressed the evidence; you would be tried as an accessory after the fact with the actual criminal, and if he were hung, you would be sentenced to penal servitude."

Jenks looked quite unmoved, but he scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Lor bless me! Is that so, Mr. Mordaunt?" he said. "No wonder common sort of folk like me get into trouble; how can they be expected to know the law! Penal servitude and all, for not splitting on you right away at first! Seems kind 'o hard on you, Mr. Mordaunt, don't it?"

"Hard or not," said Mordaunt, "it is the law. I can show it to you plainly written in one of these books."

"Don't you trouble, Mr. Mordaunt," said Jenks. "You're a lawyer, and ought to know; and I'll take your word for it; and, that being so, the best thing I can do is to make myself scarce."

Mordaunt drew a long breath. A gleam of light streaked the awful gloom of the prospect.

"You're a sensible man, Jenks, I see," he said. "If I give you this £5,000, you will have to leave England at once. You can do better with your money abroad than you can here; and I'm not afraid that you will come back. Shall I tell you why?"

"Just speak what's on yer mind, Mr. Mordaunt," said Jenks, cheerfully.

"Because the moment I know of your return I should denounce you." He leant forward, his small eyes, very like his father's at this moment, fixed with malignant hate upon Jenks' face. "I should denounce you as the murderer!"

"Me!" exclaimed Jenks, astonished for the first time.

"Yes, you!" said Mordaunt, deliberately. "You have had this bundle in your possession all these months, you know where—the body lies; that looks suspicious! Why should you not have committed the murder?"

Jenks laughed. "That sounds very clever, Mr. Mordaunt," he said. "But, come to that, why should I?"

An idea struck Mordaunt, an idea which sent the blood to his white face.

"Wait a moment, Jenks," he said, quivering with excitement. "How do you know that it was me you saw on the cliff? Think! Think again! Wasn't it Mr. Wayre?"

Jenks' stolid face displayed something like admiration. "That sounds better, Mr. Mordaunt," he said. "But Mr. Wayre says he went aboard the Susan long before you chucked her over the cliff!"

Mordaunt shuddered at the man's callous way of referring to the awful deed.

"It is only a question of an hour or two," he said. "Put the time back! At any rate, you see, Jenks, that I am not so completely under your thumb as you imagined."

"Oh, you're clever enough, Mr. Mordaunt!" said Jenks. "And I'm only an iggerant kind of man. Seems to me, you'd better give me the money and let me sheer off. I shan't come back, trust me. A man don't go bathing where he knows sharks is a swimming. I ain't no match for you, Mr. Mordaunt, and I'll clear out of your way as soon as possible; to-morrow, if you like."

Mordaunt got up and paced the room. His knees trembled, he felt hot one moment, cold the next, and the brain upon which he was relying burnt like a coal.

"No, that would be too sudden," he said. "It would attract notice and arouse suspicion. You might go in two or three days." He knit his brows with a painful effort of thought.

"You could say that a relative had died out in Australia, and that you were going out to look after some money he had left you. You could say you were coming back. I can help you to obtain leave of absence. Tell the story of the uncle in Australia at the inn to-morrow. Bring me the bundle to-morrow night."

Jenks shook his head placidly. "Not me, Mr. Mordaunt," he said. "I ain't going to walk about with that bundle, if I know it; there's too many eyes about. If you want it, you must come and fetch it, that's flat. I've got it hid away snug and comfortable in my hut; you bring me the £5,000 and you shall have it, and I'll clear off."

There was silence for a moment or two, then Mordaunt raised his head, but looked above Jenks as he said, "Very well! I will think the matter over and let you know. You shall have the money on the conditions I have named. You can go now!"

"Good night, Mr. Mordaunt," said Jenks, and, as habit is strong as death, he added, in the sweet, old way, "Have you such a thing as a pipe o' tobacco about you, Mr. Mordaunt?"

Mordaunt stifled a curse, and taking some cigars from a box threw them on the table. Jenks picked them up carefully, one by one, and as carefully, one by one, stowed them away, then, with the same wooden and utterly stolid countenance, nodded and went out by the window, as he had come.

He lit a cigar before he reached the lodge, and as he smoked he stared at the ground thoughtfully.

"He's a'most too clever, he is," he said. "He's like a conger eel; you don't know whether you've got him, or you aint; slippery's what I should call you, Mr. Mordaunt. I'm so—so—ess'ry after the fack, am I? Well, I'm blowed!"

After he had gone Mordaunt drew the curtain, and, sinking into a chair, hid his face in his hand.

At such moments as these, the criminal suffers more agony than that which is contained in the brief minutes when the rope is actually round his neck; and, indeed, Mordaunt could almost fancy that he felt the hangman's hand upon him.

His nerves were strained to their utmost tension, and when the door suddenly opened he sprang up with a sharp cry, clutching the arms of the chair. It was old Sapley who had entered, and he stood regarding Mordaunt's livid, terror-stricken face with consternation and alarm.

"Mordy! Mordy!" he gasped. "What is it? Are you ill, Mordy?"

"No, no," said Mordant, quickly. "Yes, yes! I'm not well—a little faint. Get me—get me some brandy!"

The old man hurried from the room and came back with a glass of brandy shaking in his hand. Mordaunt seized it and drank it off. His father watched him with anxious eyes and quivering lips.

"What is it, Mordy; what is it?" he asked. "What's happened? Something's gone wrong, I know! You frighten me, Mordy. And it isn't the first time. You look like you did the night you came home late from Thraxton. What is it,

Mordy? You're not hiding anything from me, are you? Don't do it, don't do it, for God's sake! If you're in trouble I can help you; I'm not in my dotage yet.

"Best confide in me, Mordy! I'm the best friend you've got. It's my brains as has built it all up. If you've done anything rash—men will, when they're driven hard and think they're going to be thwarted—confide in me."

"Confide!" A wild laugh burst from his tightly-strained lips, an hysterical laugh, which increased the old man's terror.

"What do you think I've done? Robbed a church, or—or what? You talk nonsense, I'm ill, I tell you! I shall be better directly—for Heaven's sake go! And leave me alone!"

The father had grown so accustomed to obedience that he left the room, looking back over his shoulder with an agony of apprehension in his sunken eyes.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SISTER AGNES had awakened the desire to live in Claire's heart, and her recovery was rapid enough to please even the doctor and the sister herself.

As she regained her strength, she was eager to get back to her work at the school; and one day, when the sun was shining with the warmth which called up memories of the departed summer, she coaxed a reluctant permission from the doctor, and went into the school.

Her appearance was greeted with that murmur which takes the place of a cheer with girls; and Miss Gover was so delighted at seeing her that she was tempted—only tempted—to give the girls a half holiday.

No one was more moved than little Tiny, who, disregarding all discipline ran into Claire's arms, and hugged her with childish cries of love and joy.

For quite half an hour the school was disorganised, but presently Miss Gover's sharp tap with the ruler was heard above the babel of voices, and the Goddess of Work resumed her normal sway.

Claire felt rather tired the first day, but before the week had passed she had regained her old strength, and entered into her daily labor with a zest which delighted Miss Gover, and brought its own reward to Claire. She and Sister Agnes now shared the same sittingroom, and, when possible, took their meals together.

The sister never alluded to the story of her life nor to Claire's trouble, but in a thousand little ways she showed her love for the solitary girl whom Providence had placed under her care; and Claire returned that love with interest.

At the end of the street, in which the school stood, was a house much larger than those in the street but, like many of the others, it was let in apartments.

One day when Claire was returning to the school after dinner, she saw a fly standing at the door of Arundel House. An extremely fair and pretty girl, wrapped in furs, was lying back in the carriage.

She looked very delicate and very listless, and the old gentleman who was with her, regarded her as he helped her to alight, with that anxious and watchful expression which a father wears when he is tending his sick child.

As Claire passed, her eyes and the girl's met for a moment and, so to speak, lingered, with a mutual admiration. The father and daughter stood aside to let Claire pass, and she went on her way.

Several times during afternoon school she thought of the pretty girl, and it was only natural that, as she went by the house on her way home, she should look up at the windows.

The girl was standing there, and evidently saw and remembered Claire, for she turned and said something quickly to someone in the room and the old gentleman appeared at the window.

The next morning, returning to dinner, Claire saw the girl going out; they looked at each other again, this time more attentively, and Claire fancied that there was a wistful expression in the blue eyes. Either at the window or in the street she saw her every day; and at last she asked Mrs. Holland who they were.

The landlady, of course, knew something about them. There is a kind of freemasonry amongst landladies, which induces an exchange of information about their respective lodgers.

"Their name is Harling," said Mrs. Holland "Father and daughter, Miss. She do seem very delicate, don't she? Sweetly pretty too, her father seems very fond of her, and Mrs. Simpkins, the landlady, says as she thinks that they're very well off.

That afternoon Claire missed her pocket-handkerchief. As she was passing Arundel House, someone tapped at the window and, looking up, she saw Miss Harling holding up a handkerchief.

She disappeared from the window and Claire waited. A moment or two afterwards the door opened, and Miss Harling appeared.

She was a little flushed, as if with excitement as she said, with wistful eagerness—

"This is your handkerchief! I saw you drop it."

"Oh, thank you," said Claire, smiling; and she held out her hand, but Grace whipped the handkerchief behind her back.

"Do you want it very much?" she asked.

Claire stared at her, and laughed softly.

"Because if you do, perhaps you won't mind coming upstairs for it," said Grace. "Do you mind?"

"I shall be very pleased," said Claire, and she followed the singular girl up to the drawing room floor.

"Won't you sit down?" said Grace. "You ought to give me in charge, for I as good as stole this handkerchief; I saw you drop it, and I didn't call after you, and father says that is as bad as stealing, Miss Sartoris."

"I don't think I will give you in charge," said Claire. "You know my name?"

Grace nodded and leant forward in her chair with a faint smile, and the same eager wistful air.

"Oh, yes, I know all about you." Claire started slightly. "You lodge at Mrs. Holland's, up the street, and you teach at the school. I have seen you go by every day, and I—I have often wanted to speak to you. Do you think that rude and forward of me? I'm afraid it's what you call 'bad form' in England."

"On the contrary, I think it was very kind of you," said Claire. "If it was wrong, I must plead guilty to the same feeling, Miss Harling."

"You know my name!" said Grace, archly.

Claire colored and laughed.

"Curiosity is the failing of our sex," she said.

"No, it's one of our virtues," said Grace, in her shrewd little way. "I'm glad we know each other's names, because it does away with the necessity of an introduction. I'll tell you all the rest about myself, if you like. I'm staying here with my father; he has a great deal of business to do with lawyers in London; and I can't live in London, because of the fogs, so we've taken rooms here."

"And do you like it?" asked Claire. "Streatham, I mean?"

"Oh, yes," said Grace, listlessly. "It's a pretty little place enough; the shops are rather nice! Oh, yes, I like it," she sighed, and leant back. "And now, won't you tell me something about yourself?"

Claire winced for a second, then she said quietly.

"There is very little I can tell you. You know where I live; I teach at the school—and that is all."

"Forgive me!" said Grace. "I am rude and inquisitive! But I didn't ask from idle curiosity; but, by way of saying that I wanted to know you. I have seen you so often as you passed by, that I have felt as if we were old friends. And, it is very strange, the first time I ever saw you I thought I must have met you before; there was something in your face that awakened some recollections; but, of course, I know that I've not met you, I mean to speak to, until now."

At this moment Mr. Harling entered the room, and looked from one girl to the other with natural surprise. Grace rose and took his arm coaxingly.

"Father, this is Miss Sartoris. I have netted her at last; it was with a handkerchief. I played a mean trick upon her; but I think she will forgive me, for I've been telling her how much I wanted to know her. Speak up for me, father, and tell her that I am a very lonely, solitary girl, a stranger in the land, and that I am just dying for one girl friend."

Mr. Harling patted her hand and looked at Claire pleading. "I'm afraid this is all very irregular, Miss Sartoris," he said, "and that you will think us very peculiar folks; but, my girl, here is—is not over strong, and she's been spoilt."

"Thank you father," said Grace. "I couldn't have done it better myself. After that, I'm sure you can't refuse to stay to tea," she added to Claire.

Claire was sorry to refuse, but she was obliged to do so.

"I cannot stay this afternoon," she said, "because my friend, the lady with whom I live, would be anxious about me. I always reach home at a certain time, and she would not know what had become of me."

"You mean the Sister of Mercy?" said Grace.

"Yes, Sister Agnes!"

"What a pretty name!" said Grace. "We have often seen her, and wondered what she was like, for her face is always hidden by her veil; but she looks as nice and sweet as her name."

"Yes," said Claire, simply, but with deep significance. "She is everything that is good and gentle. But for her—I should not be alive now to sing her praises."

"Father, couldn't you go round presently to Sister Agnes, and explain that we have kept Miss Sartoris prisoner," said Grace.

But Claire, knowing how carefully Sister Agnes avoided meeting strangers of her own class, rose and said that she would run home and come back presently. She found the Sister awaiting her.

"I am glad you have found new friends, dear," she said. "Go by all means." She seemed a little agitated as she asked, "What did you say the name was?"

"Harling," replied Claire. "They are very nice people, and the girl seems overflowing with kindness. I am afraid she is very delicate. It is touching to see the affection between her and her father; his anxiety is so obvious. I won't stay long, sister."

"Stay as long as you like, dear," said Sister Agnes, very quietly.

Claire was just a wee bit excited by the novelty of the circumstances, and did not notice the peculiar constraint of Sister Agnes' manner. She went back to Arundel House, and had tea with the father and daughter.

Grace treated her almost like an old friend, and Mr. Harling was extremely kind; but he was very thoughtful, and once or twice Claire found him looking at her with a singular intentness.

He asked her one or two questions, as to how long she'd been living in London, and so on, and presently left the girls alone.

"Now we will have a nice chat!" said Grace, and she proceeded to give Claire a sketch of her life; but she did not tell her that her father was a principal shareholder in the Butterfly mine.

As she listened to Grace, Claire felt half ashamed of her own reticence. She could tell her nothing of herself in return.

"I hope we shall be great friends," said Grace. "I'm inclined to think there is a special providence about our meeting, and I'm also inclined to believe that friendship, as well as marriages, are made in heaven. You'll come for a drive with me sometimes, won't you? I can't walk very far; I've often watched you admiringly as you came down the street; you look so strong, and you walk so gracefully.

Claire laughed.

"Don't be offended," said Grace, "I couldn't help telling you how much I admired you, if I tried. I'd often heard of the beauty of the English girls, but I've never seen one half so pretty as you; but, pretty isn't the word. Now, I suppose I am what people would call pretty, in the sixpenny doll style, but you are—oh, I can't find the exact word."

"Don't try," said Claire, laughing, but blushing a little.

"I've got it! Distinguished! That's the word. You wear your things like the great ladies one sees driving in the park. Now, that dress fills me with admiration and despair. I've never succeeded in getting one to look anything like it; where did you have it made? Anywhere about here?"

"It is one of Redferns," said Claire, making the admission absently.

Grace stared and laughed. "You extravagant girl!" she said. "Fancy wearing a Redfern to teach in a school! I'm afraid it's thrown away upon the girls; or, perhaps, you use it as an object lesson; a lesson on form?"

Claire colored slightly. "I have had it a long while," she said. "It is one of my old dresses."

Grace looked at her shrewdly. "You were not always a school mistress in Streatham?" she said.

Claire looked at the fire; how could she venture to tell this warm-hearted girl?

"Not always," she said.

"I knew it!" broke in Grace. "The first time I saw you I said to father, "That girl is a lady,—I mean, what the English people call a lady, meaning a 'swell.' It's a horrid word, dear, but it's the only one that expresses the meaning. You carried your head and walked like the pictures of the marchionesses and countesses one sees in the illustrated papers. And so you were rich once, and didn't always teach in a school? Did you lose your money? You don't mind my asking you."

"Yes, I lost my money," said Claire, "or rather, it never was mine. I can't tell you the whole story; and, indeed, it does not matter. I am quite happy"—she checked a sigh even as she spoke—"and I do not think that money matters very much. I don't want you to think that I am posing as a high-minded kind of person; what I mean is, that one can be, if not very happy, at least content, teaching in a school in Streatham."

Grace looked at her admiringly and touched her hand with girlish sympathy.

"I should like father to hear you say that!" she said. "It is just what he admires. All the world has gone mad about money lately, and I am delighted to find someone who thinks lightly of it, and who cares as little for the loss of it as you do."

"I lost something else besides money," said Claire, with an impulse that was new to her. "But I'm getting over it. One has an idea that all the misery in the world has fallen to one's lot; but I have learned otherwise. Sister Agnes has taught me that, however much one has suffered, there are others who have suffered more deeply." Her face seemed transfigured as she spoke, and Grace looked at her with a kind of awe.

"Now you look noble!" she said, under her breath.

"Please don't stick me on an imaginary pedestal?" said Claire, with a laugh. "You would find that I should tumble off so very, very quickly."

"Too late!" said Grace. "I have stuck you up there already, and I know you'll never come down."

So they sat over the fire and talked until the striking of ten by the clock on the mantelpiece startled Claire to her feet; and this was the strange beginning of an acquaintance which ripened with an extraordinary rapidity into a warm friendship. Grace seemed to have given her heart, wholly and unreservedly, to Claire and confided to her everything—except her knowledge of a gentleman named Gerald Wayre.

She coaxed Claire into taking a drive with her nearly every day, and the drive did them both good, and brought back the glow of health to Claire's face. Grace even paid a visit to the school, but, as she put it, was very quickly "chucked"; for her appearance created too much excitement in that region of decorum and strict discipline.

Claire, of course, talked a great deal about her friends to Sister Agnes; but, though she was glad that Claire had made the acquaintance of the Harlings, the Sister could not be persuaded to meet them.

"They lie outside my world, dear," she said "I dread strange faces, excepting those of the poor and wretched. There is no room in my heart for anyone but them and you—and my dead child."

One day Mr. Harling came into the room where the two girls were sitting talking over a new dress for Grace, and announced that he would be obliged to take a journey into the country. Grace looked aghast.

"I couldn't possibly go, father," she said, with an air of mock sternness. "For one thing, I've got to see about this dress; and for another, I couldn't possibly leave Claire. Now, if Claire would come with us——"

Claire laughingly shook her head.

"Very well," said Mr. Harling. "I will leave you behind to the care of the landlady, and, if I may venture to say so, to Miss Sartoris."

Grace put on the airs of a little child. "Do! I'll promise to be good, and do everything she tells me. Oh, Claire, couldn't you come here and live altogether while father is away? Now, that's a splendid idea: in fact, I won't consent to his leaving me unless you promise to come! Indeed, it wouldn't be safe. I'm not to be trusted; I should get a latch-key and go to one of your music-halls every night, and behave generally like one of the New Women!"

Claire said she would come if Sister Agnes approved.

"You treat her as if she were your mother," said Grace, with a little pout.

"She has been more than a mother to me," said Claire.

Sister Agnes gave her permission, and Mr. Harling started on his journey.

"I will wire my address," were almost his last words.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

'MID CLOVER-BLOSSOMS.

BY M. B. S.

'Mid clover-blossoms long ago
I loved on summer days to lie
And watch the bees dart to and fro
Beneath the azure cloudless sky.

'Mid clover-blossoms, when the land
Lay dreaming in the glad new days
Of love and hope on ev'ry hand,
The scene was cheered by sunshine's rays.

'Mid clover-blossoms, well-a-day!
The flow'rs are withered one and all;
The wintry sky is dull and gray
And gloomy as a funeral pall.

'Mid clover-blossoms did the bees
That loved among the flow'rs to dart
Find, as they hovered in the breeze,
The poison at the blossom's heart!

Dorothy's Spell.

BY G. L. B.

IT was a cosy schoolroom at Wychwood Castle. Lilian had come up for a quiet hour after playing music in the drawing-room. The children were gone to bed. The red firelight was inviting, and the young governess sat down to think with an open letter in her hand.

From above the mantelpiece Lady Dorothy's portrait looked darkly out of deep shadow—a yellow face fading into the gloom of time, with a frilled white cap round the sharp old features, and a pair of eyes that with a weird fixity seemed to watch the schoolroom.

Old Lady Dorothy was ninety-nine when this portrait was painted. There was a story that her ghost had once been seen in the corridor as a little old woman with a white cap and a brown shoulder-shawl. Another story said that, if any one looked too long at the picture alone in half-darkness, Lady Dorothy would begin to move her eyes.

Lilian had told the children that the statement was all nonsense and fancy; yet she never dared to try. There was an oaken press in the corner, and books of diablerie and the black art were certainly stored in it.

A tradition in the family said that Lady Dorothy had been almost a witch in her time, and that people thought that she had found the Elixir of Life and that she would never die. However, one fine morning she was found dead in her chair in that very room.

Her portrait was looking down now at a pale girl, not pretty, but bright, who was reading for the third time a letter that brought tears into her frank gray eyes.

"Dear Lilian," it said—"I suppose I may not call you 'my dear Lilian' any more?—do you remember that day on the river when you said I might at least hope? For three years I have hoped and worked and waited, and you tell me you do not know your own heart yet and that you must see more of the world. Oh, Lilian, I cannot bear to think of you among strangers when you need not be alone fighting your battle! There is one man who will be content to work for you till the end of his days if you will but say you care for him—for his faithfulness, if not for himself—and come to the home three years' work has made for you. You have told me not to write—to leave you to yourself for another year. Take a few days to think, Lilian. Either reject me or be my wife; it is cruel to prolong this suspense! You know what they say in my country—'A finger off is better than a finger wagging.' If you will share my two hundred a year, begin now; if you are afraid to be poor, send me away—not for a year, but forever. I have almost come to the conclusion that you have not a shadow of love for me, and yet I love you too much not to go on still hoping and praying; but how can I call you mine if you care nothing for me?

"Faithfully—ah, Lilian, think how faithfully!—yours,

"DAVID DOUGLASS."

The girl's tears, after she had read this letter, made the fire appear like a swimming glare. Wondering if her eyes were red, she went and lighted the candles by the looking glass in her own room, which adjoined the schoolroom.

Standing before the looking glass, she fell into a reverie. David Douglas was not handsome, not brilliant, not a clever talker—not like the men she met in the drawing-room at Wychwood Castle. But they had known each other since they were children, and he had always loved her, and he was working for her faithfully indeed. Poor David!

Then she placed her elbow upon the high oaken dressing-table and rested her cheek on her hand, looking into the mirror. She was thinking of the beautiful Miss Brandon, and the Greys with their diamonds.

Lilian was thinking too of Lady Wychwood's eldest daughter, the newly-married sister of her little pupils, who looked so lovely during her visit to her old home. She never flushed as Lilian herself did every evening, but always looked fairy-like, with a slender graceful figure, a face that was perfection, hands always white no matter what the weather was, and hair fair and curling, never straight like Lilian's.

Though only eighteen, she was Lady Eva Belmont now, was adored by her husband, and lived a life of quiet happiness in the country and gaiety in town. To Lilian it seemed that beauty alone could win admiration and prosperity.

"I wish I had been beautiful!" she sighed—it had been the wish of her life.

The face she saw in the mirror was only a plain ordinary face with gray eyes. David had always thought her charming; he was the only one who ever did.

There was a sudden click. Her elbow had been pressing a spring in Lady Dorothy's old oak dressing table, and a door sprang open which she had never known to exist till then.

Lilian started. Then, taking a candle and kneeling down, she saw a cupboard the shelves of which were thick with dust; and amid the dust stood a bottle with a silver stopper and a piece of card yellow with age tied to its neck. Lilian took it out and blew away the dust, and then read, in faded handwriting—

"Whoever wisheth to know what it is to feel most comely to all eyes and exceedingly beautiful, let her drink of this phial every hour for two nights without telling of this thing to mortal ears, and I pledge her she shall know the delight of being surpassingly comely beyond all womankind."

Lilian was frightened. All spells were folly and evil; yet she was fond of a freak now and again, and the temptation was strong to try this wild experiment—just to see what would come of Lady Dorothy's spell. She had to oil the stopper to get it out. The contents of the bottle appeared dusky red. The smell was delicious, spicy, fragrant.

A footstep in the next room made her almost spring from the floor. But it was only the maid bringing in her solitary supper and lighting the candles.

Lilian considered gravely from that time until eleven o'clock; then she took her first sip of the dark ruby liquid. She would gladly have told of her discovery and consulted some one; but then the spell would fail, and it was too grand a chance to be lost.

She did not believe in it, she said to herself—not she! But she was an adventurous girl, and Lady Dorothy's spell should be tried—just for fun! And she kept herself awake all night, so as not to miss a sip at one, two, three, four, five, six, seven o'clock. Then it was time to get up.

"Are you not well?" said Lady Wychwood at luncheon. "My dear Miss Eden, you are so pale to-day and dark about the eyes!"

"Thank you, I am very well," replied Lilian, trying to be bright.

The next night she took her ruby-red sips bravely, never failing once. Her eyes were painfully hot and her head ached maddeningly when the maid knocked at her door in the morning.

At luncheon, when she always met the Wychwood family and their guests, Lady Wychwood asked in alarm—

"Dear Miss Eden, are you ill to-day?"

"I have had no sleep," said Lilian gently.

Captain Blunderman, a hearty young fellow who often turned over Lilian's music when she was playing in the drawing-room, said it was always somebody else's fault when young ladies were sleepless; and Harry Wychwood, the handsome dashing young heir, said—

"Mother, I want to give Madge and Ada a riding lesson this afternoon"—which really meant, "I want to give Miss Eden a holiday."

Lilian looked at him gratefully, but he was carving chicken, and the only one who saw the grateful look was Mr. Fitzalan, the easy-going jester of the party.

"Ah," said he, "Miss Eden is too much of a hermit! Want of society produces thoughtfulness; and too much thinking causes sleeplessness. Won't you give me a little pink note of invitation to the schoolroom, Miss Eden? I am afflicted with curiosity—I want to see that schoolroom; but I won't drag my legs upstairs for anything less than a little pink note."

Lady Wychwood pretending not to hear, began to scold Ada sharply for not wishing to eat anything till "pudding time."

Lilian looked at the easy-going joker with blushing gravity, and said—

"We have nothing so grand as pink note-paper in the schoolroom; and I assure you there is nothing worth seeing there."

"Oh, of course not now—not just now!" said Mr. Fitzalan, with such tremendous emphasis on "now" and such a look at the usual tenant of the schoolroom that Lilian blushed still more and Lady Wychwood at the top of the table scolded Eva more sharply than ever.

Harry Wychwood took his little sisters out riding that day, and Lilian had the rest of the afternoon free.

She went up to the oak-panelled cosy room, where the lesson-books were neatly ranged on the shelves and where the piano was closed. She felt giddy, and spent the afternoon in trying to write to David Douglas—to David, who seemed so plain and awkward after those fine clever men of the world whom she met downstairs. She tore up half her supply of note-paper sheet by sheet, and then gave up in despair.

The winter twilight was darkening. Lilian's five o'clock cup of tea was brought in. Under its refreshing influence she looked out at the wintry park of Wychwood, and then stirred up the fire, and stood toying with the china on the mantelpiece, while she thought again of David, who at that hour was still hard at work in his dingy office in London, wondering perhaps if a letter was waiting for him at home.

She looked up suddenly at the great portrait just above her; then she started back, for she fancied that Lady Dorothy shut her weird fixed eyes for a moment. She sank into a chair, and sat there persuading herself that she had imagined the shutting of those wonderful eyes. The clock ticked; the fire crackled softly; the room was growing darker and darker. The old lady in the painting was suddenly illumined by a flash of the fire.

Lilian almost screamed from fright. There could not be a doubt about it now. Positively and truly the old woman with the frilled white cap was nodding her head, and the sunken mouth was smiling. The picture seemed alive; the bony wrinkled hand shook and pointed to the bed-room door.

Lilian started up and stared full at the picture, then went into her little room and lighted the wax-candles at each side of the looking-glass. Her own reflected face almost startled her.

It reminded her of her looks at fifteen in the happy days before the breaking up of the old home; and even then she had never looked so well except for the first few minutes after a brisk walk on a breezy day.

Her cheeks were glowing with the most delicate carnation tint, her skin was creamy white, and, when she began to smile in sheer pleasure, a dimple came in her left cheek and another in her chin.

Could it be the candle-light and the recent tears, she wondered, that made her eyes so bright and clear? She had never noticed before what pretty brown arched eyebrows she had or that her lips were nicely shaped and nearly as red as cherries.

Even her nose, which had caused her much regret during her life, looked delicately fine and straight by this light; and, when she began to brush her hair this way and that in front, it took the most charming crisp waves, and where the light caught it there was a golden bronze tinge.

"I shall put on a pretty gown," thought Lilian. "My neck is passable, and my arms are getting plump and dimpled at last!"

When she had put on a dress of silver gray, with white swansdown at the throat and wrists, the meaning of it all came to her in an almost terrifying flash. With clasped hands she sank almost fainting upon a chair.

"I am beautiful!" she said. "It is Lady Dorothy's spell!"

* * * * * *

A look of admiration and surprise met Lilian from every face as she entered the drawing-room. She took her place at the piano and played with exquisite feeling. It was her customary post every evening for half an hour; but to-night she knew that the eyes of Lady Wychwood and the young bride were upon her.

The Misses Grey and Clara Brandon, the beauty of the season, came and spoke to her. The men vied with each other to turn her music and to ask for their favorite scraps of opera or for "that 'Nocturne' of Chopin's that you play so delightfully, Miss Eden!" Her music had a new rapture; it was magnificent.

Fitzalan sang a song—

"I would that the love I bear thee
My lips in one word could say!"

and Lilian was persuaded to take the soprano part in a duet of which she played the accompaniment.

Fitzalan bent over her shoulder as if he was trying to read the words of the next verse.

"Won't you give me that pink note of invitation?" he whispered; and a gilt-edged pink correspondence card was dropped into her lap.

A wilful humor seized her; she flushed vividly, and managed to whisper—

"Take your card. You may use it, as it is for a ticket of admission if you are really curious to see the schoolroom."

She had played for an hour, and stood up amid a clamor of enthusiastic thanks. Hard work and delight combined to make her feel warm; yet the mirror on the opposite wall revealed a face that was cream-white and pink, all unspoiled by the least flush.

She wandered into the conservatory to cool herself.

"You must have some reward for giving us all such pleasure," said a voice close to her in half darkness; and the heir of Wychwood Castle gathered a bouquet of white azalea blossoms and asked her to wear them. She fastened them deftly in her dress and in her hair, and he held aside the embroidered gold-glistening curtains while she stepped back into the room.

"By Jove, she's a beauty!" the voice of Captain Blunderman murmured to Fitzalan as she passed the corner where the two were talking together.

One face turned deathly pale when the curtains were held aside by Harry Wychwood and the pretty governess came back with her flowers. It was the face of Nina Grey, a gentle girl with a world of tenderness and sweetness in her features. After a few minutes of evident struggle, she said a word to Lady Wychwood, and soon afterwards she was not to be seen in the drawing-room. But Lilian did not care. The triumph of her own happy self was hardening her heart. She knew that Harry Wychwood was the betrothed of that other; she had heard that the marriage was arranged; but she had seen admiration in his eyes, and the victory was intoxicating. Her advantage was too sweet to be given up.

"It is almost cruel to ask you to play any more," some one said.

No—she would willingly play again; but the piece that was asked for was in the schoolroom. She would go up for it; and she passed lightly out of the room, along the corridor, and up the stairs.

Who was on the stairs following her? Fitzalan, with the pink card in his hand!

"You must not take all this trouble," he said. "Do allow me to be your knight-errant, or at least let me carry the music down!"—and he laughed lightly and, bowing, opened the schoolroom door for her.

"It is wrong to keep such a bird in such a dark little cage," he went on. "Do you know that splendid song about the two birds, Miss Eden? The wild bird came to the caged bird and set her free, 'And away they flew, singing "Liberty!"'"

"All very fine in a song!" said the new beauty, with a toss of her head; and she knelt down to grope at the lowest music-shelves while he held the candle.

The white azaleas were shaken out of her hair by the toss. He picked them up.

"You shall never have these back again!" he said.

"I cannot let you keep them. I do not transfer gifts."

"Ah, from Wychwood! Do you imagine he would not give them to any girl in the room? He is engaged to Miss Grey—Heaven pity her, for he trifles with the affections of every girl he meets!"

"Leave me to get my music! I will not hear Lady Wychwood's son spoken ill of!" said Lilian indignantly, standing up.

"How very good we are!" Fitzalan returned, with something of a sneer. "But, all the same, it is true! I speak because I think so much of you. Oh, Miss Eden, have you never heard of love at first sight? But what is the use of talking? I see in your eyes that Wychwood and you understand each other. He will break your heart. I tell you so because——"

A man's voice broke out passionately as a footstep came behind him.

"How can you dare to follow Miss Eden

to slander me? You call yourself a gentleman, and——"

The two stood facing each other, both passionate. Lilian turned away.

"I am sorry you speak like that on my account," she said. "I cannot stay at Wychwood Castle now!" And she left them quarreling.

The night she wrote a little note for Lady Wychwood, saying she must leave her service with great regret. But what did giving up her situation matter when she was one day to be Lady Wychwood?

* * * * * *

Harry Wychwood's destined bride, she had gone back to the Castle on a visit, and in the brilliant drawingroom she stood alone with the heir.

"Why were you sighing and in such a melancholy mood all day, Harry?" she said. "It was something you saw in the Times. I will find out—I will!"

And she playfully persisted in searching the newspaper. "It was an advertisement for you in the 'agony' column—that must have been it, you bad boy!"

But her face changed suddenly; with a heart-pang she read the result of her own work. Among the deaths stood—

"Grey—At Cannes, on June 3rd, Nina Mary, the dearly-loved daughter of Gilbert Grey, Esq., of the Inner Temple, in her nineteenth year."

There was agony on Harry Wychwood's face when her eyes met his: and her heart was filled with remorse and with a terrible jealousy—a despairing jealousy of the dead. He would never care for her as he had cared for the poor girl who was in her grave that night—faded and gone—"in her nineteenth year."

* * * * * *

The wedding was over, and Lilian was resting after a reception in the splendid mansion that was her new home. The magnificent rooms were silent at last. Her husband came to her as she sat by the deserted hearth, still in her white-and-gold dress, with old-gold plush falling softly to the satin-slippered feet on the fender and gold and jewels shining on her arms.

She saw herself in a looking-glass on the opposite wall—her own beautiful face, but weary, more weary than it had ever looked before. It had been an evening of vexation. Little Mrs. Gilpin's dress had been the same as her own, but much finer; the Hardcastles, whom she had determined to know, had declined to come, because, forsooth, they were going to an Ambassador's house—as if anybody else's reception was better than hers! She knew now what mean and miserable pain was meant by the term "heart-burning."

"You look tired, my dear," said her husband, "and you are spoiling your forehead with that frown. Whom are you angry with?"

"Nobody—everybody, I mean."

"Rather sweeping!"

"I am tired."

"Tired! Why, you have nothing to do but amuse yourself from morning till night!"

"It is the hardest work in the world," said the young wife bitterly—"up all night, whirling through the day, always dressing and planning, or you are angry dressing and planning, or you are angry if anybody looks better, always watching your eyes, or you are angry if anybody looks better, or you are angry if I am thought too much of and look too well?"

"But what else did I marry you for?"

"Oh, Harry, my heart is breaking! I have not one hour of home; I am tired—tired out!"

"Not so tired as I am." He dropped into an easy chair opposite. "I drew blood to-day."

"What?"

"Why did that coward Fitzalan—we used to be friends once, but he is a slandering coward—why did he say that I broke Nina Grey's heart and that—I ran after every pretty face I saw? Hang his impudence! I floored him though; he won't talk much again! Lord Belmont is bail for me. I always hated Fitzalan, because"—with a keen glance—"I thought you liked him just a little since the Wychwood Castle days; and the villain hinted it to-day at the club. I was glad to see his blood on my hand!"

Lilian shuddered and burst into tears.

A loud knock—a telegram! It was from Lord Belmont.

"Fitzalan is dead!"

Lilian's eyes were red with the tears of a sleepless night when, in the morning she drove to Lord Belmont's house to ask what could be done for her husband. She felt blood-guilty; she loathed herself. Had she not hardened her heart against Nina's suffering? Was it not a just Nemesis that a curse like this should fall upon her wretched marriage?

"I wish I had never been beautiful!" she thought. "I built my marriage upon another's broken heart, and now——"

Past her closed carriage, the white horses of a wedding went dashing gaily—only two carriages; it was a poor wedding. In the first was a gleam of simple white and flowers, and beside the bride was the happy bridegroom.

Lilian knew him; it was David Douglas. Their eyes met in one passing glance; but they were parted for ever and ever. There would be a bridal feast, and he would be the bridegroom; there would be a simple home rich with love, and he would be its strength and joy.

For her there were only the beauty that brought a hard life of gilded slavery, jealousy, bloodshed, heart-burnings, and the weary whirl, the treadmill of gaiety that had become a task. Oh, lost life, lost home, lost love—parted for ever and ever! A cry burst from her heart. She awoke.

"Miss Eden—Miss Eden Were you asleep? Oh, you cried out so fearfully! Was it a bad dream?" Madge's arms were around her neck, and little Ada was clinging at the other side of her chair. They were just home from the afternoon riding lesson with their big brother Harry, and they had lighted the candles in the schoolroom.

"It was such a lovely ride! We stayed out too late, and we came all the way down the Valley Road at such a gallop!"

"Where is the note-paper?" said Lilian. "Is it too late for the post?"—and she wrote to David Douglas.

Afterwards, by their "ain fireside," she told him how, after two wakeful nights, she had, naturally enough, dreamed of the wish of her heart, and known what beauty was, just as the strict wording of the spell promised.

"But I always thought you pretty," said faithful David; "you had always the sweetest face in the world to me. And, if you will only bear with my blunt awkward ways, it will be the sweetest face in the world still to me, even when you are ninety-nine, Lilian, like that shrewd old Lady Dorothy. How nicely she swindled you with her prescription!"

"Indeed," said Lilian Douglas, "I looked anything but beautiful just afterwards, with those terrible black hollows under my eyes."

"And served you right!" laughed David.

Unveiled.

BY M. L. G.

"POOR thing! I do feel for her. Though she is a person I never saw, yet here seems a case of such oppression on the one hand, and such patient suffering on the other, that one cannot but——"

"Oh, I dare say you'll see her in the morning, for she often steals out then, when the wretch, I suppose, is in bed."

"But what could have induced a girl to tie herself to such a man?"

"Well, I don't know—the old story, I suppose—false appearances; for no girl in her senses would have married a man with his habits if she had known of them beforehand."

"There is sometimes a kind of infatuation about women, I allow, which seems to blind them to the real character of the man they are in love with; but in this case I don't think she could have known how he conducted himself, or she certainly would have paused in time. Oh, the wretch! I have no patience with him."

This little dialogue took place in one of those neat, bright, clean-windowed, gauzy-curtained houses that form so many pretty districts within a walking distance of the mighty heart of the great metropolis, and between two ladies, the one mistress of the said nice-looking cottage villa, and the other her guest—a country matron, who had just arrived on a visit to her own town friend; and the object of the commiseration of both was the occupant of a handsomer villa exactly opposite, but apparently the abode of great wretchedness.

On the following morning Mrs. Barton and her guest, Mrs. Kennedy, were at the window of the parlor, which commanded a full view of the dwelling of the unhappy Mrs. Morton, when the hall door was quietly opened, and was as quietly shut again by the lady herself.

"There she is, poor thing!" cried Mrs. Barton. "Only look how carefully and noiselessly she draws the gate after her. She seems always afraid that the slightest noise she makes, even in the street, may wake the fellow, who is now, I dare say, sleeping off the effects of last night's dissipation."

Mrs. Kennedy, with all the genial warmth of a truly womanly heart, looked over, and followed with her eyes, as far as the street allowed, this quiet-looking, broken spirited wife, investing the whole figure, from the neatly-trimmed straw bonnet to the tips of the bright little boots, with a most intense and mysterious sympathy; and then, fixing her anxious, interested gaze on the opposite house, she said—

"And how do they live? How do people under such circumstances pass the day? It is a thing I cannot comprehend, for, were Kennedy to act in such a way, I'm sure I wouldn't endure it for a week."

"It does seem scarcely intelligible," answered Mrs. Barton; "but I'll tell you how they appear to do. She gets up and has her breakfast by herself; for, without any wish to pry, we can see straight through their house from front to back.

About this time she often comes out—I suppose to pay a visit or two in the neighborhood, or perhaps to call on her tradespeople; and you will see her by-and-by return, looking up as she approaches at the bedroom window, and, if the blind is drawn up, she rushes in, thinking, I dare say, to herself, 'How angry he will be if he comes down and finds I am not there to give him his breakfast!' Sometimes he has his breakfast at twelve—or one—or two; and I have seen him sitting down to it when she was having her dinner!"

"And when does he have his dinner?"

"Oh—his dinner! I dare say that is a different sort of thing from hers, poor thing! He dines, no doubt, at a club, or with his boon companions, or anywhere, in fact, but at home."

"And when does he come home generally?"

"At all hours. We hear him open the little gate with his key at three, four and five in the morning. Indeed, our milkman told Susan that he has seen him sneaking in, pale, haggard, and worn out with his horrid vigils, at the hour decent people are seated at breakfast."

"I wonder if she waits up for him?"

"Oh, no; for we see the light of her solitary candle in her room always as we are going, and you may be sure my heart bleeds for her—poor solitary soul! I don't know that I was ever so interested about any stranger as I am about this young creature."

"Dear, dear; it is terrible!" sighed the sympathising Mrs. Kennedy. "But does anyone visit them—have they any friends do you think?"

"I don't think he can have many friends—the heartless fellow; but there are a great many people who call, stylish people too, in carriages; and there is he—the wretch!—often with his half sleepy look, smiling and handing the ladies out as if he were the most exemplary husband in the world."

"Has she children? I hope she has, as they would console her in his long absences."

"No—even that comfort is denied her. She has no one to cheer her—her own thoughts must be her companions at such times. But perhaps it is a blessing; for what kind of father could such a man make? Oh, I should like to know her! And yet I dread any acquaintance with her husband. Burton, you know, would not know such a man."

"My dear Mary, you have made me quite melancholy. Let us go out. You know I have much to see, and many people to call upon; and here we are, losing the best part of the day in something not much removed from scandal."

The ladies hereupon set out, saw all the "loves of bonnets" in Regent Street, all the "sacrifices" that were being voluntarily offered up in Oxford Street, bought a great many things for "less than half the original cost," made calls, and laughed and chatted away a pleasant, exciting day for the country lady, who, happily for herself, forgot in the bustle the drooping, crest-fallen bird who was fretting itself away in its pretty cage in Merton Road.

The next day a lady friend called on Mrs. Barton.

"I find," she said, in the course of conversation with that lady and her guest, "you are a near neighbor of a dear friend of mine, Mrs. Burton."

"Mrs. Morton!" exclaimed both her hearers, pale with excitement and curiosity. "Mrs. Morton! Oh, how singular that you should know her—poor, miserable creature! Oh, do tell us about——"

"Poor—miserable! What can you mean? You mistake. My Mrs. Morton is the happiest little woman in London."

"Oh, it cannot be the same!" said Mrs. Burton. "I mean our opposite neighbor, in Hawthorn Villa. I thought it couldn't be——"

"Hawthorn Villa. The very house! You surely cannot have seen her or her husband, who——"

"Oh, the dreadful, wretched, gambling fellow!" interrupted Mrs. Barton. "I wouldn't know such a man."

"He," in her turn interrupted her friend, Mrs. Law—"he a gambler! He is the most exemplary young man in London—a pattern of every domestic virtue—kind, gentle, amiable, and passionately fond of his young wife!"

"My dear Mrs. Law, how can you say all this of a man whose conduct is the common talk of the neighborhood—a man lost to every sense of shame, I suppose—who comes home to his desolate wife at all hours, whose only ostensible means of living is gambling, or something equally disreputable—who——"

"You have been most grievously misled," again interposed Mrs. Law. "Who can have so grossly slandered the best of men? He cannot help his late hours, poor fellow! That may be safely called his misfortune, but not his fault!" And the lady warmed as she spoke till she had to untie her bonnet, and fan her glowing face with her handkerchief.

"His misfortune," murmured Mrs. Barton; "how can that be called a misfortune which a man can help any day he pleases?"

"But he cannot help it; he would be too pleased to spend his evenings at home with his dear little wife, but you know his business begins when other people's is over."

"Then what, in Heaven's name, is his business?"

"Don't you know?" said Mrs. Law, looking extremely surprised. "Why, he's the editor of a morning newspaper!"

Scientific and Useful.

DRUGS.—Dr. Eder, in the following table, gives the number of drops required to make a cubic centimetre, showing the variations in the size of drops of different liquids: Water, 20; hydrochloric acid, 20; nitric acid, 27; sulphuric acid, 28; acetic acid, 38; castor oil, 44; olive oil, 47; oil of turpentine, 55; alcohol, 62; ether, 83.

ELECTRICAL CANNING.—Electricity has been recently applied to the sealing of cans of fruit and preserved meats. The process consists of the formation of a conductive layer on the lid of the can, when a metal coating is deposited by the usual methods of electro plating. The same process has been applied to the sealing of bottles of beer, wine, etc.

CIGAR MACHINE.—In this new machine the foundation or inside of the cigar is placed in a mould, and four curved jaws press it into shape. The outside wrapper of tobacco is then fed into the machine by an attendant, is rolled round the moulded part automatically, and is finally sealed at the pointed end by a drop of gum, which presents itself at the right time and place. The cigars so made are uniform in length and shape, and the leaf in the interior is so evenly distributed that the 'draw' is far better than in many hand-made cigars.

Farm and Garden.

TREES.—People who scrape and scour their trees just for the looks of it, and leave the loose bark on the ground where it falls, are aiding the enemy. If there are any insects among the bark they are there still and out of sight of birds.

MONEY-MAKING.—It is a common belief of farmers working small areas, and who can only make ends meet, to think that if they had more land they could make more money. The facts in the case do not bear them out. If a small farm is not made a success, the same management given a larger one will but increase the losses as a general rule.

INSECTS.—Burn everything on the farm that serves as harboring places for insects. By so doing there will be fewer insects next year and less work to do. Canes of blackberries should always be consigned to the flames in order to destroy the borer, and all diseased limbs and branches of trees should be treated in the same manner.

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A Social Error.

Social intercourse—the liberal communication of mind with mind—is undoubtedly one of the finest results of civilization, when made subservient to motives that are at least pure and innocent. It is peculiarly a result of civilization, for it can hardly be said that any such thing exists among savage tribes. They have a "palaver" now and then—a council of war, or a solemn deliberation on some weighty matter; but there is no society amongst men and women existing in the first rude stages of human development, the intercourse of individuals being restricted to the few subjects which form the business of barbarian life.

When not engaged in quarrelling or bartering, in delivering set orations, or howling hideous chants to hideous idols, "the noble savage" is a silent and moody animal. He gorges himself with half-cooked flesh, as much from a desire to drowse the sense of his own dull life as from mere appetite or gluttony; and wallows in the hot sunlight outside the door of his mud hut, hopelessly incapable of conversation, and profoundly bored by himself and all things.

In cultivated society the mutual demeanor of individuals, apart from the ruder necessities of business, is regarded as a species of fine art, and as a test of gentility. With some the want of proficiency in that art is sometimes painfully apparent. They fall to quarrelling on the smallest difference of opinion, from sheer lack of the capacity to make themselves understood by one another.

Their range of subjects and their choice of words are equally small; and they either nervously repeat themselves, or drop into abysses of silence, and wait the arrival of some new comer, or the occurrence of some fresh external incident, to rescue them from that bondage. Persons of education do not suffer from this dearth of ideas and words; yet they would sometimes lead one to suppose that subjects for conversation are as rare to them as to their less instructed fellow-creatures.

When Sheridan, in the "School for Scandal," shows us a drawing-room full of ladies and gentlemen, making havoc among the reputations of such of their friends as happen not to be present, in the full knowledge that their own characters are being similarly dealt with by the absent friends in other drawing-rooms, he aimed a trenchant blow at one of the most pitiful corruptions of life; but did not put an end to the evil, for folly and malice are, humanly speaking, immortal.

Society has been almost refashioned since the days of that dramatic satirist; but the habit of talking against people behind their backs is still patronized by those who have the whole world of nature and art open to them for pasturage and recreation.

Leigh Hunt somewhere remarks that go home from a meeting of friends at which there has been no evil-speaking against other people, is to carry in your memory a golden clue. Of course, no one desires an affected generosity, or an effeminate shrinking from truth.

There are times when you must condemn conduct which is manifestly wrong; and there are occasions when honesty requires that you should speak even of the failings of your friends, though you may feel at the same moment that in the main they are better men than yourself. But the test of whether this is done in simple obedience to the demands of conscience, instead of in a spirit of levity or ill-nature, is the unaffected sadness in which the words are uttered.

Not that we would Puritanically exclude from the light conversation of idle hours any of those playful allusions to the external characteristics of friends, which spring from the very interest we take in whatever individualizes them, and gives the form and color of their personal life; but here again the distinction is obvious between kindliness and bitterness.

That which is really objectionable is not sincerity nor gaiety, but the habit of retailing discreditable gossip which we have never verified, and of giving utterance in mixed company to sweeping judgments on narrow and hasty grounds. The fault, it must be admitted, does not always proceed from malice; it results, sometimes, from mere love of smartness, from a morbid craving after excitement, or from the desire to seem too well acquainted with human nature to be deceived by superficial shows of virtue.

A low estimate of humanity in the abstract is at the bottom of much of this facile depreciation of individuals. The man who has brought himself to believe that all human beings are humbugs—that truth and goodness are a pretence, and heroism but a stage player, strutting before a background of mean and paltry facts, himself as mean and paltry as they, and more dishonest—will consider it at once a duty and a necessity to support that view by proving that the man who has generally been regarded as brave is a coward, that the wise man is a fool, and the benevolent man a self-seeker. And it is greatly to be feared that this base standard of life has been widely adopted during the last few years. It has affected much of our current literature, and made the "fun" of some of our light writers absolutely depressing. Real humor is one of the kindliest of qualities—one of the most reconciling elements in human character; it is charity in its most smiling and genial aspect.

Some dandy cynics, however, find something infinitely droll in the idea of universal corruption, and neither comfort nor elevate the stock which they revile with so much smiling levity. They simply vitiate the conscience, and poison springs of life, by suggesting a species of sham morality as the excuse for personal malevolence. No good can possibly proceed from a belief so distorted; and it is a subject for grave remark, that the spread of this kind of mournful joking has been accompanied by an increasing tendency to think evil both of man and men.

Constant depreciation of the common stock begets a want of fairness towards individual members; and that is the spirit which fills our parlors and drawing-rooms with so much reckless disparagement and so many idle tales.

To one who will watch for opportunities to do good they will open up on every side. In the crowded thoroughfare of business, in the social circle, in the quiet of the family, in the intercourse of friends, in the school-room, in the street—everywhere, in fact, may we find occasion to roll away the stone that obstructs the way of some one's happiness or success. And, though such efforts may be desultory and unorganized, though they may appear small and insignificant, though they may not always seem successful, not one of them is lost. In what way they may help we cannot always foresee, but that they will is certain.

RECOGNIZING the evils of a bad temper and the value to oneself and to society of a good temper, one should aim to cultivate the latter. This may be done in part by controlling the tongue, which is a very common irritant and has a reactionary influence. He who stops to think before making a peevish or irritating remark will generally leave it unsaid, and, when he has obtained control of his tongue, he will also have obtained to some degree control of his temper.

TEMPER makes or mars more happiness than any other quality. How much influence there is in one of those bright, cheerful, wholesome tempers, which neither make troubles where they do not exist, nor meet them half-way when the do! Where others might be inclined to fret peevishly over this annoyance and that small trial the good-tempered person makes light of this one, and bears with patience what cannot be avoided by the other.

MEN may preach and the world will listen; but profit comes by example. A parent inculcates gentleness in his children by many sound precepts; but they see him treat a dumb animal in a very harsh manner, and, in consequence, his instructions are worse than lost, for they are neither heeded nor respected. His example as a gentle and humane man would have been sufficient for his children without one word of command.

ACCORDING to the design of Nature, men should eat and drink that they may live; but the voluptuous man only lives that he may eat and drink. Nature, in all sensual enjoyments, designs pleasure, which may certainly be had within the limits of virtue, but vice rashly pursues pleasure into the enemy's quarters, and never stops until the sinner be surrounded and seized upon by pain and torment.

ALL is not attractive that is good. Iron does not sparkle like the diamond, yet it is useful. Gold has not the fragrance of a flower, yet it is valuable. So different persons have different graces of excellence; and to be just we must have an eye to all.

JUST as the community requires for its permanent advancement both the conservative and the radical, both progress and resistance, so each individual needs to combine the elements of both within himself for his best development and most effective life.

WHOEVER sincerely endeavors to do all the good he can will probably do much more than he imagines, or will ever know till the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be manifest.

LEISURE is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as poor Richard says, a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two different things.

WOULD you touch a nettle without being stung by it; take hold of it stoutly. Do the same to other annoyances, and but few things will ever annoy you.

IT is a pretty saying of an old writer, that men, like books, begin and end with a blank leaf—infancy and senility.

WHEN some people make a great deal of you, you may be sure they mean to make a great deal out of you.

As perfume is to the rose, so is good nature to the lovely. Ill-nature renders the prettiest face disagreeable.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

L. E. L.—Iceland moss is a lichen which grows in the most barren parts of Iceland and in other cold countries. The Icelanders make both bread and soup of it. It also makes a good food for cattle, sheep, swine, and deer.

T. R. D.—Sponges were for a long time regarded as plants, but the best naturalists are now agreed that they belong to the animal kingdom. The sponges of commerce are procured chiefly in the Mediterranean and Bahama Islands.

F. R. D.—"Lalla Rookh," in all probability, would never have been written if the author's necessities had not compelled him to work. But before commencing it he made himself so familiar with Eastern scenery, customs, and manners, that when the fiction, with a thread of fact, was finished, there were few who could be made to believe that Moore had never traveled in the East.

CHAS. T. N.—Dynamite is finely pulverized silex, or siliceous ashes, or infusorial earth (most frequently the last) saturated with about three times its weight of nitroglycerine. An improvement on dynamite has been proposed. It is a compound containing 85 instead of 75 per cent. of nitro-glycerine, and instead of infusorial earth a chemically prepared substance, possessing greater absorbing power, and capable of complete combustion.

C. W. R.—The first legal work taken up by a law student is Blackstone's Commentaries, after which he reads works on equity, practice and pleading, evidence, etc. To gain this knowledge properly, he should place himself under the tuition of a lawyer, from whom may be gained much practical information that cannot be found between the covers of law books. Consequently, it is not at all likely that anything but a theoretical knowledge can be obtained without a preceptor.

G. H. R.—1. "Kismet" is a Turkish word, signifying fate or destiny. 2. The water of Ardenne came from a mystical fountain, and was said to possess the power of converting love to hate. The legend states that this fountain was created by the ancient Welsh prophet and enchanter, Merlin, who is said to have flourished in the fifth century, his father being a demon and his mother a Welsh princess. This water is mentioned in several several ancient poems, principal among which is Spenser's "Faery Queen." It also appears in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

F. R. H.—The term "boycotting" originated as follows: Captain Boycott was the agent of the owner of an estate in Ireland, and the tenants having become dissatisfied with his methods of managing the estate, asked the landlord to remove him. This he declined to do, and the tenants and their friends refused to work for or under Boycott, and they made an agreement among themselves that none of them should assist him him during harvest-time, and the crops had to be gathered under the protection of troops. Subsequently the tenantry extended their "boycotting" to all persons having dealings with Boycott in any form, no one buying of or selling to them.

E. NORTON.—The Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle (1818) was held for the purpose of settling outstanding questions incident to the wars concluded by the treaties of Vienna. The conference resulted in freeing France from the allied army, which had remained in that country for nearly three years. It was attended by the Emperors of Russia and Austria in person, and by the representatives of the allied powers, Prince Metternich, Lord Castlereagh, Duke of Wellington, Counts Hardenburgh, Bernstorf, Nesselrode, and Capo d'Istria. France being invited to cooperate, sent the Duke de Richelieu. Aix-la-Chapelle is a town of Rhenish Prussia, and famous for the number of treaties concluded there.

L. H. R.—1. In delivering an address before a debating society, or like organization, the speaker usually stands at his desk or table in the room or hall facing the president, and directs his remarks principally to that officer, although he may partially turn from time to time, towards the audience. 2. The secretary of the society should in the regular order of business, read the title of the subject selected for debate, and announce the names of those who have been assigned to speak upon both sides of the question. The president should then call upon the first speaker of the affirmative side, who may be followed by one of the negative or another of the affirmative, this matter being settled by mutual agreement. 3. It is not obligatory upon the secretary to open the debate unless he has been assigned to do so.

R. C. N.—1. The oldest coin extant is considered by high authority to be a specimen of the gold stater of the Ionian city of Miletus, now in the British Museum, of about 800 B. C. It has a lion's head on the obverse, and a rude indented punch mark on the reverse. But Herodotus says that the Lydians were the first to coin gold, and by some authorities the gold coins found in the ruins of Sardis are believed to antedate the Ionian specimens. 2. Many pieces of ancient coin were struck for prizes in the games, or in commemoration of notable events, and are more correctly to be considered as medals. The Roman series of medals or medallions is very extensive in gold and silver, and brass and copper. 3. Many counterfeit coins and medals exist, of both ancient and modern manufacture. The Greek forgers were very skilful, and their coins have commanded high prices as curiosities.

ECHOES.

BY E. L.

Still the angel stars are shining,
Still the rippling waters flow,
But the angel-voice is silent,
That I heard here long ago.
Hark! the echoes murmur low
Long ago!

Still the wood is dim and lonely,
Still the plashing fountains play,
But the past and all its beauty,
Whither has it fled away?
Hark! the mournful echoes say
Fled away!

Still the bird of night complaineth
(Now, indeed, her song is pain),
Visions of my happy hours,
Do I call and call in vain?
Hark! the echoes cry again
All in vain!

Cease, oh, echoes, mournful echoes!
Once I loved your voices well;
Now my heart is sick and weary,
Days of old, a long farewell!
Hark! the echoes sad and dreary
Cry farewell, farewell!

Fenton's Chance.

BY D. G. L.

"IT is a case that requires very delicate handling," said Neil Willoughby, Q.C., as he looked through the smoke of his cigarette at George Fenton, his junior, and Mr. Magson of Harston, the solicitor who was instructing them.

"You see, our man is such a scamp. Leighton seems to be a very fine young fellow, who has just been distinguishing himself in Burma. Miss Leighton, you say, Mr. Magson, is a very attractive young woman. That will go a long way with the jury if we seem to be hostile to her.

"Of course, there is nothing against her, while I am bound to say I don't think very much of what you tell me against Leighton. It will seem to be a great shame if we rake up that old Cambridge story, and it might put the jury's back up, and make the judge go dead against us. Now, Fenton, what do you think about it? I want to know exactly how it strikes you."

"Well, I think that it is only fair that the jury should know as much as we do about Captain Leighton," answered George Fenton, a man of about thirty, with a square face and well-cut features, which would have looked rather harsh had it not been for a very kindly and honest pair of blue eyes.

"It is a point in the case that he is in debt. The Cambridge story suggests that he is not very honorable. To me he seems just the sort of man who might have gained a lot of influence over his sister, and persuaded her to do anything to help him out of his difficulties.

"It seems to me that every point in the case that we can make for the prisoner tells in the same direction. If we appear to be afraid of the obvious inference from those points, probably the jury won't think much of them."

Neil Willoughby smiled as he looked at his junior. He had known him since he was a boy, and he admired and liked him very much. A dangerous quality for a barrister, that facility for believing in your own case: dangerous in consultation, but effective in court, he thought, as he read the keen, earnest look in Fenton's face. As a matter of fact, Neil Willoughby did not believe much in the defence that he was going to conduct the next day in the assize court at Harston.

It was the case of the assizes. At Harston everyone was talking of it, and it was just the sort of story that would be read with interest all over England. Neil Willoughby thought that it was a dead case against the prisoner.

He knew a good deal about the man he was to defend, who, some years before, had been only too well known about London in that section of low sporting society which supplied Willoughby with a good many of his cases.

The prisoner was charged with stealing some very valuable jewels that were the property of his late wife's executors. His name was Blackyer, and he was undoubtedly a gentleman by birth, but he had gone wrong from his school days.

After having been turned out of the army he had lived more or less on his wits for many years, and when he must have ceased even to dream of such good luck, had married a rich woman, Mrs. Sneddon, the widow of a late mayor of Harston.

This lady was of much better family than her first husband. She had been left very well off, but her money was only hers for her life. Blackyer's treatment of his wife had been the scandal of Harston and the neighborhood. He spent her money, and amused himself as he thought fit, without the slightest regard for appearance.

Perhaps he counted too much on her affection for him. If so he made a mistake, for when he had found him out once or twice she determined that they should separate, and a separation would have been agreed upon, when she died suddenly.

His wife's death was a great blow to Blackyer, for he would have got something by the separation, while he had every reason to know that she would leave him nothing. In fact, she had not very much to leave beyond a house full of furniture and some very valuable jewelry.

Mr. Sneddon had begun life as a diamond merchant, and he had a taste for buying jewelry when he could purchase favorably. Mrs. Sneddon's jewels were said to be worth ten thousand pounds. She lived about ten miles from Harston, and at the time of her death her jewels were kept in a safe which her first husband had bought and placed in his dressing-room.

On the day of her death Blackyer was staying in the house, and so was Captain Leighton, her nephew, and his sister Miss Clare Leighton. The day before her death Mrs. Blackyer and the Leightons had been at a ball at Harston. When they came home Miss Leighton had seen her aunt lock up the jewelry in the safe, while she locked up the key of the safe in a writing-table drawer.

After her aunt's death, Miss Leighton kept the key of the writing-table drawer until she gave it to the family lawyer on the day of the funeral. There was no secret about the matter that her aunt's will was in the safe; nor that by the terms of that will all that the deceased lady had to leave went to her nephew and niece.

Blackyer stayed on at the house, as did the Leightons, for the few days before the funeral, but they saw very little of him. After the funeral he left without taking anyone into his confidence as to where he was going, and without waiting to hear the will read.

When the safe was opened by the lawyer it was found that the jewels were gone. The next thing that was heard of them was that they had been purchased by Mr. Lombarder, the jeweler in Piccadilly, from a gentleman who represented himself to be that eccentric baronet Sir Peter Askew, who lives in Paris; and though he is the owner of a large racing stud, has, it is said, not been seen for many years on an English racecourse.

Though he never puts in an appearance when his horses run, Sir Peter bets heavily, and a paragraph had gone the round of the newspapers that he had lost a great deal of money at Newmarket, and was going to sell some of the Askew jewels. Mr. Lombarder jumped at the chance of making a good bargain, and probably thought he had made a very good one when he purchased the jewels for $80,000.

Mr. Lombarder described the baronet as a man of six foot, with a beard; his age might be anything from thirty to fifty.

Some photographs, taken from the house at Harston, had been shown him by the detective who had charge of the case.

One of the photographs was of Leighton, taken in Burma, where he had let his beard grow. There was also one of Blackyer, who at one time wore a beard. There were two other photographs of men with beards. Both of these men were dead.

Mr. Lombarder first thought that one of the photographs might have been taken from the mysterious Sir Peter. Then he fixed upon Leighton's. But when he afterwards was taken to see Leighton he was positive he was not Sir Peter.

The clerk at the bank where Mr. Lombarder's check was changed could make nothing of the photograph. The check had been changed for gold and notes.

Blackyer was arrested in Hamburg, and a good deal of money in gold was found in his possession. After his arrest the jeweler swore to him as the man who had sold him the jewels, and he said that he could swear to a scar on his face. The bank clerk also swore to him, declaring that he could remember the scar.

The only other important circumstances in the case concerned Captain Leighton. He had gone up to town on the day after the funeral, and by his own admission was shopping in Regent Street on the day that the jewels were sold.

Another fact learned by the solicitor in the case was, that Leighton had been sent down from Cambridge. He was sent down for gambling, he and another man having won a large sum of money from a third man, who said that at the time he lost the money he was intoxicated. Leighton and his friend denied that the man was so in the slightest degree. Nevertheless, the affair was an unpleasant one. The solicitor had also found out that Leighton was considerably in debt.

"We have to contend against a deal of prejudice," said Mr. Magson, the lawyer, a man with long grey whiskers, a big flower in his buttonhole, and an air of provincial dandyism about him.

"I never saw anyone go on as Bunstead did before the magistrates. No one must talk but him. If I said a word to Captain Leighton, Bunstead jumped down my throat with, what did I mean to insinuate? He seemed quite to hold the court. The Bench allowed him to roar me down, and committed the prisoner before I said a word."

"It was just as well as it was," said Neil Willoughby, "and I hope that Banbury will take his tone from Bunstead. Between you and me, Banbury can never help hitting below the belt in a case like this, where he has all the sympathy behind him. Depend upon it, he will try and drag in prejudice against the prisoner. If he opens in his extra confident way that Leighton took the jewels under the will, we can trip him up neatly.

"He will seem to go no end of a cropper, and the point will look far more important than it really is. That will give just the go to our case that it wants. Yes, I think you had better give me full instructions for cross-examining Captain Leighton. But mind, no questions that you have no ground for. Don't let me in. Better too little than too much, you know."

"And I can trust you, Mr. Willoughby, to make that little go as far as any man at the bar could," said Mr. Magson, who evidently took an interest in the case, that had been intensified by his resentment at the treatment he had received from the Harston local barrister (a very terrible gentleman when he was on his own ground) when he was before the magistrates.

To make a little go as far as possible in damaging the character of a brave and distinguished soldier—for such Captain Leighton was, and a man of honor and a gentleman, as he presumedly was—was a compliment which would have jarred rather unpleasantly on some ears. As a matter of fact, however, it did not distress either of the barristers.

Willoughby realized that it was what he intended to do. If he had been asked whether he had the slightest belief in his case, he would have resented the question. If he had been forced to answer he would have said that he thought that the dangerous defence he was going to put forward was a fair interference from the evidence. In a way, he was impressed by the confidence of his junior, George Fenton—that is to say, he thought the jury might take the same view of the facts.

His experience told him that there was not very much in the mistake the jeweler had made, but he believed a good deal could be made out of it. With the hardship of Captain Leighton's position he felt he had nothing to do.

His duty was to do what he could for the prisoner. There was no man at the bar more incapable than he was of damaging a witness' character out of mere spite, or to give satisfaction to a spiteful client.

But he had no doubt about it that it was the duty of counsel to fight for their clients and follow their instructions so far as following them would help to win the verdict.

George Fenton would probably have given a hearty consent to this definition of his duty. Though he had only been some five years at the bar, he was thoroughly imbued with the code of honor of his profession.

He had lived all his life in its atmosphere. He came of a legal stock. His great-grandfather, the younger son of an old country gentleman's family that had lived on their property since the conquest, had been a very celebrated sergeant in the last century.

His grandfather was a judge. His father had been a soldier, but had been killed in the mutiny when George was a baby, and he had been brought up by his uncle, who was the leader of his circuit, and one of the most brilliant advocates of his day.

Willoughby, who took things as they came to a great extent, was half inclined to be amused at the enthusiasm with which the other went into the defence of Blackyer.

Here, thought George, was a man who wanted all the help that counsel could give him, because society was dead against him.

The prejudice in favor of Captain Leighton, because of his bravery, which after all had nothing to do with his honor or honesty, and of Miss Leighton—whom he had heard was a very pretty girl—she would not be the first pretty woman who had made her beauty stand her in good stead in a law court—made it the more necessary for the prisoner's counsel to fight fearlessly for him.

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There is not much that need be told of George Fenton's life, which might be divided after his childhood into Eton, Cambridge, and the Temple.

At Eton he learnt a certain amount of Latin, made a great many friends, and became one of the best oars that the school has ever turned out.

At Cambridge he was one of the best known and most popular men of his year.

The day he first took his seat in the pupil room of the barrister with whom he was to read, he mapped out his future. The Fenton of his generation, he thought, ought to be a judge, and he determined to do all he could to follow in his grandfather's footsteps, and not to miss a chance.

When he had first gone to the Temple he had known plenty of people, but he had fallen out of society. The life he led has its dangers, but he escaped falling into one of the gutter romances which sometimes come to men who live out of society.

He took a share in a river in Norway with some other men. The river was a little north of Molde, but Fenton and his friends left the steamer at Bergen, and traveled up to their fishing by the regulation tourist route.

It is a feature in a tour in Norway that you see a great deal of the other tourists who go out in the same steamer. They take the same route and travel at the same rate. So day after day you meet the same people in the steamers, and at the midday dinner at the hotels, and again at night.

Now it happened that three fellow-passengers with Fenton and his friends were a middle aged lady, and two young ladies, whom—as one of Fenton's friends who had noticed a name on the luggage found out—were a Mrs. Grey and her two daughters.

With one of the girls Fenton fell in love almost before he left the steamer. For a week he was in a heaven of happiness, for they saw a great deal of each other. In fact all day long he drove in his carriole behind her, and then went to the same hotel, and they took excursions up mountains and to see waterfalls together.

Then their happiness was checked owing to the laziness of one of Fenton's friends, who would not get up in time to catch a steamer. Missing a steamer in Norway puts a great gulf between you and your former fellow travelers.

There is no catching them up again. Provoking though it was that it should have come to an end so soon, that time made Fenton's holiday a brilliant success, and put color and light into his whole life. The fishing was very good, but Fenton was not sorry when it came to an end.

Mrs. Grey had told one of his friends that she lived at Dulwich, and even on his best day's fishing, Fenton found himself looking forward to the day when he should be able to go down to Dulwich and call on them. Curiously enough he was not quite certain that she knew his name; still he was certain enough that they would be glad to see him.

When the day came, however, he was destined to be disappointed, and very dreary did that pretty, damp, leafy little suburb become when he rang at the door of the villa at Dulwich, and was told that the house was let for another six months.

But though Fenton was desperately in love, he had not, like some people in that condition, lost his senses. He found out that Mrs Grey was going to winter on the lake of Geneva, and planned a little trip out there in Christmas week.

One of his friends had taken a rather distorted photograph of Miss Grey, which he had managed to acquire, and he looked at it a dozen times a day. He knew that he had met the one woman whom he would ever love, though he longed to see her again and tell her what he had put off telling her when he was with her.

There are days, however, in many a barrister's career, when his course seems to turn to success or failure, and George Fenton felt that he had arrived at such a crisis when the morning after the consultation with his leader in Blackyer's case, Mr. Magson, the solicitor, came to his lodgings looking very perturbed, with the startling piece of news that Willoughby, who had

been quite well the afternoon before, had suddenly developed influenza and was unable to go into Court.

It was the autumn assize, and there was no civil work at Hareton, so there were no other Queen's counsel there. The case would come on that morning.

"I have determined that you shall have no leader, Mr. Fenton," said the lawyer, "but mind you don't let them bounce you. I did look forward to seeing the prosecution set down, and no one could have done that better than Willoughby."

Fenton said that he was not a bit afraid of the prosecution, and he said it with truth.

Before he went to the Court that day, Fenton looked at the blurred Norwegian photograph, as if he hoped to gain from it some help for the nervousness which he was unpleasantly conscious of.

It was not perhaps a very romantic situation, for he was only going to Court to defend a prisoner who was admittedly a rascal, and whom, if he had looked at the case from any other standpoint than the one which he chose to look at it from: namely, that of the prisoner's counsel: he would have probably thought to be guilty.

But Fenton knew that he was going to have a chance of showing that he could play a leading part in the profession which he believed was the finest a man could follow, and he looked at the picture of the girl he loved, and hoped that he would do his duty well and honorably, and that some day she would be proud of him.

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The first thing that Fenton did on going into Court was to make an application for a postponement on the ground of his leader's illness.

The prosecution opposed this, Banbury taking care to insinuate that it really did not matter who conducted a defence which he considered a hopeless one.

"I am sure," said the learned judge, "that Mr. Willoughby's assistance would have been very valuable, but I am certain that the prisoner's interests will not suffer in the hands of Mr. Fenton."

So the case went on, and the prisoner made his appearance in the dock, and a very shifty, down looking appearance he had.

It was a curious thing that the two counsel for the prosecution were rather like each other, but Bunstead dressed at, and formed his forensic manner on Banbury. He wore the same sort of wig, he had adopted the same smile, and he had the same way of puffing out his cheeks. As his leader made his opening speech, he, to a certain extent, seems to imitate him, and to emphasize his points.

Banbury was perhaps all the more overbearing because he only had a junior counsel opposed to him, but there was one part of his speech which gave Fenton a grim pleasure. He opened about the mistake the jewelers had made concerning the photograph.

"I don't know whether my learned friend, who, in the absence of his experienced leader, Mr. Willoughby, appears to defend the prisoner, will think it right to suggest that there was anything but the merest accident in that mistake. Considering that those jewels would, as he was well aware, come to him under the will, it would be ridiculous to suggest that he could have stolen them. Such a suggestion would recoil with terrible force upon the wretched man on whose behalf it was put forward."

One part of the opening speech Fenton thought it right to interrupt. Banbury went into the question of a bill on which the prisoner had borrowed some money, and which he had taken up the day after the jewels were sold. There was another name on the bill which the holder had afterwards believed to be a forgery.

"Was it fair to open matters of prejudice against the prisoner?" said Fenton.

"Surely," Banbury urged, "as the bill was paid for by the prisoner in gold, and a large sum of gold was obtained the day before at the bank from the jeweler's check, it was an excellent piece of evidence."

The judge allowed him to go on, and making the most of this chance he did all he could to use this point as prejudice, painting the prisoner as a needy criminal who was guilty of forgery, and ready to commit any other crime.

It was very unfair, Fenton thought, and it made him all the more determined not to spare Leighton.

It was not long before he had his chance. The jeweler wanted to get away, and as Bunstead suggested that he could not come first, Banbury said that he should, and he put him in the box.

Though he swore positively enough to the prisoner, Fenton was able, by a very clever piece of cross-examination, to make him fence with the questions he put to him, and so give the impression that he was only by dint of badgering induced to admit that at one time he was inclined to identify Captain Leighton's photograph as that of the man who sold the jewels.

Fenton knew that he had scored, and made the most of a point that Banbury had tried to discount by admitting. When the lawyer went into the box with Mrs. Blackyer's will, Magson, who was in a fidget, wanted Fenton to ask him about some of the jewels belonging to Mrs. Blackyer for her life only, but he knew that he could do no better by reserving this.

But when Leighton had given his evidence-in chief, which was not very important, Fenton knew his time had come.

"Do I understand you to say that under the will this jewelry goes to you and your sister?" Fenton asked, as he took stock of the witness; and as he did so he realized that Leighton was about as good-looking a young fellow as one could wish to see. He had a handsome, bronzed face, and manly, soldier-like bearing, and looked just the type of young officer of whom most Englishmen are proud.

"The will speaks for itself," interrupted Banbury; "this is waste of time."

"I think not," answered Fenton, with a smile; "now, I ask you if you were not well aware, and had not often been told by your aunt, that the greater portion of the jewels went back to her first husband's relations?"

"Yes," answered Leighton; but he looked nervous, for it struck him that his counsel had made a mistake, and he saw that his answer surprised the court.

Then Fenton made him admit that he heard it stated at the magistrate's court that he took the jewelry under the will, and he had heard the same statement made in the opening.

"Did he think it fair to keep silent and allow these false statements to be made, and to go uncontradicted? Was that Captain Leighton's idea of honorable conduct?"

Fenton asked question after question, and he saw that his point had told. The witness was confused and annoyed. The jury, and even the judge, were impressed. Yet, though he had made his point so well, as he looked into the witness's face he did not see any guilt there.

From the witness-box his eyes traveled to the dock. There was a gleam of malice in the prisoner's mean face; he seemed to be enjoying the sport thoroughly.

"It never occurred to me," said Leighton, "that anyone would seriously accuse me of having stolen the jewels."

"Did it not? The idea seemed to have occurred to both his counsel. Had his honor never been called in question? Was the witness at Cambridge? Why did he leave the university?" Fenton asked, and he began to get out the old Cambridge story.

Banbury was on his legs. He had never heard a more abominable abuse of the privilege of counsel. The learned counsel's conduct was disgraceful. But the judge said that it was a point on which they had to rely on the discretion of counsel, and that he had no reason to doubt that Mr. Fenton would not take the line he was taking without grounds.

The witness admitted that he was sent down for gambling. He had to admit that a charge had been made that the man he won money from was not sober. It was not true.

"But did not the authorities believe it?" asked Fenton.

"Surely the witness cannot be asked as to what he believed the authorities believed," said the judge.

"I say the authorities did not believe it, and that no one who knew me believed it," said Leighton; and he looked Fenton full in the face, and the latter again felt a distaste to his case.

It was only momentary, however, and the next minute he was pressing the witness as to where he was on the day the jewels were sold. Here Fenton found that his cross-examination was surprisingly effective.

Leighton had gone up to town early that day, and he could not very well account for his time. He was in and out of his club, and he had gone to some shops. Then by chance it came out that Leighton had gone up to town to see a money-lender who had a bill of his.

Then Fenton made the witness confess to a good many debts, and to the fact that though he was in debt he owned two steeplechasers, which he had run at several race meetings, and he had sometimes backed his horses for a good deal of money.

The rest of the evidence that day was not particularly interesting. At four o'clock Banbury made an application, surpassing himself in tactlessness and bad taste.

He had only one more witness, Miss Leighton. She was not very well.

As a matter of fact, the extraordinary line of defence his learned friend had thought fit to adopt had shocked and surprised her, and he asked if he could be allowed to call her the next day.

On this the court adjourned.

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Yet, thinking the matter over calmly as he walked home to his lodgings, with a reaction on him that followed the excitement of the day in court, Fenton could not see that there was very much reason to think that Leighton was not as honorable and good a fellow as he looked.

As he turned into the street in which he lived he heard steps behind him, and looking round saw a little elderly gentleman of military appearance who, hurrying up to him, introduced himself as Major Boldero, of Tufton Hall; and said that he had been in the same regiment with George's father, and had been by his side when he fell at the relief of Lucknow.

"It is because you are my old friend's son," said the major, "that I come to you, as I think a man ought when he sees another going wrong, and tell you that it's a dirty business you are in. That fellow you are defending in court is guilty. The man whose honor you are assailing is as honorable a young fellow as ever wore the Queen's uniform.

"I know the man is guilty, because I know that on a former occasion he tried to steal the jewels. The poor woman who is dead came to me as an old friend, and told me of it. The infernal lawyers, because of some red-tape nonsense about the law of evidence, won't let me go into the box and tell my story, which settles the case."

"Surely, Major Boldero," answered George, who was perfectly astounded at the impropriety of the other's conduct, "you know you ought not to speak to me like this."

"Ought not to! I say I ought to, and prevent you from attacking an honorable man's character to shield a guilty blackguard."

"I am surprised that a gentleman, who I believe is in the commission of the peace, should be guilty of such a gross contempt of court, and attempt to prevent the due administration of justice," answered Fenton, and turning, he attempted to walk away from the little major.

"Bosh, sir. Bosh, can't!" said the little man. "You are ashamed of yourself, and you know it. You are a hired slanderer, worthy only to associate with the scoundrel whose money you take—money which is part of his plunder. But you know he is guilty."

The little major turned on his heel and swaggered off, leaving Fenton astounded at anyone being so lost to all sense of right as to talk in that way to counsel.

Yet the major's words did keep coming back to him. He had no doubt about his duty, but he began to think it was rather an unpleasant one.

The court was more crowded than ever on the second day. Several of Fenton's friends on the circuit spoke to him and congratulated him on the way he had done his case.

"But you will find the next witness an awkward one," said one of them. "I just saw her outside the court, and she is about as nice-looking a girl as you could wish to see.

"Miss Mary Leighton!" called Banbury, after the judge had taken his seat.

Fenton looked at the jury rather than at the witness-box, and he thought that they were impressed favorably with the witness. Then he looked at the witness, and as their eyes met the court seemed to turn round and round.

For some minutes he was too astonished to follow the questions and answers. For there was no doubt about it. For all the difference in names Miss Mary Leighton was the Miss Mary Grey of his holiday—the girl with whom he was passionately in love! He thought that she had never seemed more beautiful than as she stood in the witness box, with a look of scorn on her face. He knew he never had loved her so much as he did then.

He had hardly taken in a word of her evidence-in-chief when he found it had come to an end.

"The line taken by the defence obliges me to ask you whether you took those jewels out of the safe and gave them to your brother?" concluded Banbury.

"No, I did not," she answered, and at least one man in court besides the prisoner believed her implicitly. That man was the counsel, who still considered it was his duty to try to make the jury believe that she was guilty.

The bar thought that Fenton was afraid of the witness, as well he might be, considering how beautiful she looked, and how monotonous the idea seemed that she could have been guilty of theft.

At first Fenton seemed dazed, but he got to the first point: "Why had she not had the jewels sent back to the bank." She answered that she forgot all about the jewels.

"But had she not looked up the key of the safe? Surely she had not forgotten about them then?" Fenton found himself asking; and then after a question or two realized that he was almost bullying her.

Magson gave him a note which the prisoner had written, telling him to ask the witness whether she had not on one occasion, after the safe key was locked up, opened the drawer in which she had put it. The prisoner added that he had seen her do this.

Fenton put the question, and pressed it. Miss Leighton at first seemed to have forgotten all about it. Then she remembered the occasion; but when she was asked what she had gone to the drawer for, for a moment she looked annoyed.

Fenton repeated his question.

"I opened the drawer to look for a photograph I had put there," she answered.

"Stick to it; ask her what the photograph was," whispered the solicitor.

Fenton put the question. After all, he had to defend the prisoner, and it was too late to change the line of defence. The witness colored and looked uncomfortable.

It was a photograph that she had brought from Norway the summer before.

Fenton felt more uncomfortable than she did. He remembered the photograph he had. He had better tear that up, he thought, for she would never forgive him.

Even in his misery he saw that the incident of the drawer being unlocked had helped the defence, and that one or two of the jury had been taken by it.

"It was not his duty," he said, "to prove who stole the jewels, but his friend had no right to blame him for pointing out that there was at least as much evidence against Captain Leighton as against the man in the dock.

"They had not attempted to show how the prisoner got the jewels. His friend had merely suggested that he had plenty of opportunity. Had not the Leightons plenty of opportunity?" Then he went over the whole case and made all his points.

"A capital good speech, old fellow," said another barrister, when he sat down; "you were a bit hard on the Leightons, but I think you will get the prisoner off."

As Fenton listened to the judge summing up, he was astonished at the way he had pressed the case against the Leightons. The line he had taken was a dangerous one, but it was effective.

The jury went out. Two hours passed before they came back. Then they found the prisoner Not Guilty.

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In the robing room, men came round Fenton and warmly congratulated him on having made a capital speech, and got a very good acquittal.

"I am sick of the case, and wish I could never think of it again," said Fenton, as he threw his wig and gown and brief on the table, and left the room. Magson was waiting for him at the door.

"A capital acquittal: I have just told Blackyer that he was lucky to get off, and I could see he agreed with me. I hope you will do many another defense for me, Mr. Fenton."

Fenton did not look very pleased. He felt that he hated the assize court at Hareton so much that he would like never to enter it again, or for the matter of that, ever to do another defense.

At the door of the court house, he came upon a group of people talking together. Mary Leighton and her brother, Major Boldero, and some other friends.

"By George, sir," the Major was saying, "I shouldn't like to be that fellow. He knew the scoundrel was guilty when he made his infamous attack on you and your brother, and he is the son of one of the finest fellows who ever stepped."

Fenton hurried past them. He saw a look in Mary Leighton's face which made him sure that she would never forgive

him. For years he had longed for a chance of showing that he could do his work well; but the evening after his success he spent alone in his lodging, wishing with all his heart that his bad luck and the benchers of the Inner Temple had never called him to the bar.

He had not long to wait before he saw the effects of that case. Several briefs from Harston were sent to his chambers, but they gave him no pleasure. He felt that he hated his profession, and as he had no one to interfere with him he determined to leave it.

A month after the trial at Harston, George Fenton was in an empty carriage on the North Western, bound for Liverpool, where his steamer to New York was waiting for him. Just as the train was starting, the door opened, and a lady jumped into the carriage.

"Good-bye. Tell 'em I shall be with them to-morrow," said a voice Fenton seemed to know, and looking up from his paper his eyes met those of Major Boldero.

"Here guard—porter—the lady won't travel in that carriage," he heard the Major cry out; but the train was in motion.

Though Fenton was almost afraid to look at her, he knew that his fellow-traveler was Mary Leighton. The train would not stop again for an hour. The last time they had spoken together, except as counsel and witness, they had been more than friends.

They had only known each other for a week, but as they had said good night, Fenton had nearly asked her to be his wife, and he had only put it off because he thought that they would be together for some days, and that he might surprise her by being too abrupt.

The idea occurred to him that he would try and ignore all that took place at Harston. That would be professional, but it would be wildly impossible.

He threw down his paper, and without any beating about the bush went to the point.

"There is one thing I want to tell you. When I took that brief at Harston, I had no idea that you were the Miss Leighton who was to give evidence. In fact, I thought your name was Grey. Of course, nothing would have induced me to have taken it if I had known."

"Then I suppose it is a good thing you made a mistake, which is not a surprising one, as my mother's name is Grey. She married twice," she answered. "It would have been a pity for you to have lost the brief. Let me congratulate you on your brilliant success. But I think you might have said you were sorry for thinking my brother and I were thieves."

"That I never can say," answered Fenton, "for I never for one second believed you were guilty."

"You never believed I was guilty! and yet you spoke to the jury as if you were convinced of our guilt! For half an hour you did all you could to get them to believe it."

"Yes, I did. I knew that I was destroying all my happiness in life, that afterwards success and failure would be all the same to me. But I did it. It is what we go in for doing. The more I thought of all it meant to me, the more I knew it was what I had to do. I don't suppose that I shall ever get you to understand me, so it's no good talking, only I do want you to believe that I did not know about you when I took the brief."

"Well, you will be a very successful barrister, Mr. Fenton," she answered; "though I must say I think it is a peculiar code of honor, that of your profession."

"I think it a very fine profession, and the code of honor is quite right, but so far as I am concerned it has nothing to do with me. I have given away my wig and gown, and I am going in for ranching in Texas. You see this business has spoilt all my pleasure in getting on at the bar."

"Oh! I am so sorry, so very sorry," she answered. "Why should you take such a dislike to your profession? I remember in Norway how fond you were of it. Why should you give it up?"

"Because it obliged me to pain and torment you whom I love better than anything else in the world," he answered; "the thing's done and I can't make up for it."

"Are you sure you can't? Are you sure you have not?" she returned, and she looked up into his face; and then Fenton knew that he could take up his story from that evening at Ulvic——

"My dear," said Major Boldero, when the next day he arrived at the country house where Mary Leighton was staying, "you must have had a very unpleasant journey with that ruffian."

"I did not tell you we were old friends," answered Mary. "We talked matters over, and he persuaded me that he was quite right to do his best for his client. Like the jury, I found it impossible to resist him, even when he wanted me to promise to marry him."

SMALL ASCETICISMS.

A big part of the world has never taken kindly to asceticism. It has never accepted, even if it has ever considered, the Asiatic doctrine that the only approach to a higher life must be through self suppression.

Nevertheless, there lingers among many a feeling that pious men, especially if ordained, should not praise innocent pleasures too cordially, that they had better condemn than extol the use of wine, that they should not say much, if anything, about the pleasure of eating, and that if they smoke, they should plead in excuse that tobacco is, with their constitutions, good for the health.

A similar doubt exists among a large section of Christian mankind, among all Americans, for example, in connection with alcohol—no ministers being permitted by opinion to drink wine—but about tobacco it has been finally given up.

Even the strictest have convinced themselves that the only evil in tobacco is its costliness, and although, like tea, it is very dangerous to some constitutions, and although, like most other things, it is harmful in excess, yet among the vast majority its use is rather beneficial than injurious.

The impression, which lingered very long, that smokers tend to become drunkards, has disappeared under the evidence of facts, all the teetotal races smoking furiously, and the plant has come to be regarded in its true light as a sedative with little perceptible reaction.

No one commits crimes because he smokes, no one loses his temper because he indulges in a cigar—though we are bound to say the want of one does not in a smoker conduce to serenity—and no one thinks the less keenly or strenuously because he enjoys tobacco.

It might be contented, indeed, on both historical and physiological evidence, that snuffing rather tends to rapid thought; but as the educated have abandoned snuffing—very wisely, for the practice spoiled good clothes—the remark is not worth making.

Still, small asceticisms are yet considered helps to the Christian life. That idea was almost dominant in religious society sixty years ago, and sometimes assumed forms which, if not ridiculous, were at least quaint.

It was, for instance, held to be wrong for any but the aged to sit in easy chairs, not, as is now vainly imagined, from any ignorant idea as to the injury done to the figure, but because "lolloping" betrayed a blameworthy tendency to ease and self indulgence. That was the origin also of the extraordinary prejudice against taking any extra sleep.

The old knew well that sleep, when sleep is not needed, is to the young the most wearisome of all obediences, but nevertheless they believed that to wish to sleep more than a strictly regulated time, which, according to modern hygienists, was too short, was a mark of sluggish self indulgence, and it was visited, therefore, with moral reprobation.

Early rising was extravagantly praised, not because it lengthened the day, for the early risers went to bed early, but because it was disagreeable; and some curious rules of diet—for example, abstinence from sugar—were defended in part upon the same principle.

We have known girls cut off their curls avowedly because they were proud of them, and men go about in shabby clothes because, as they averred and believed, it was well by diminishing comfort to promote serious reflection.

It has nearly all disappeared now, and one wonders sometimes whether the way of the present generation is wiser, or the way of the last generation but one.

Does sitting always in an upright chair tend to virtue and self-control, as our grandfathers vehemently believed, or does it only cause a totally useless waste of the reserve of energy which in most people is never too great for their serious ends?

Is it, that is to say, really beneficial to the character to do without innocent pleasures when there is no object in doing without, except the training? We declare that we do not quite certainly know.

It would seem that such "givings up," as they are now called—must be beneficial, because without the capacity of self denial no character can be strong; and unless the capacity is cultivated in small things how, under modern conditions, is it to be cultivated at all?

Nobody stands on a pillar now, or lives his life upon bread and water, or does his work or eats his dinner clothed in a hair shirt.

We have to deny ourselves, if at all, in little things, and if we never do it, how is the habit, which is by no means instinctive with the natural man ever to be generated?

That seems sound, and yet it is by no means clear that our grandfathers, who cultivated small self denials, were less selfish than ourselves, and they were decidedly less philanthropic.

People who get up very early with an idea of self-suppression are, it has long ago been noticed, exceedingly vain of their habit, and the vengeance of Nature on the self-suppressing, is often revealed in intolerable spiritual pride.

We are inclined therefore to believe that the evidence is about equal, and that the true rule of life as to innocent or indifferent indulgences is not to worry about them perpetually, but to take care that no habit finally enslaves you.

If you want to smoke, smoke, but retain the ability to give up smoking. A doctor of eminence thirty years ago declared that the best recipe he knew against any patient acquiring a habit of drinking was to order him to abstain absolutely for some one day in seven; and we suspect that there was wisdom in that advice, as well as pathological knowledge.

Most of the habits which master us are indifferent, having no effects whatever except habitude, and a few, like the custom of eating at "regular" hours, are distinctly beneficial, but we ought to be able to break them if we are to feel really free. Nine times out of ten the exertion is not worth the trouble as regards the habit itself, but as regards vigor of character, a habit of insisting on intervals in one's habit, is a preservative of spiritual health.

POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.—Well-known cases are on record where imagination produced sickness and even death without any real disease. In epidemics imagination, exciting fears, often multiplies the number of fatal cases. Sir Walter Scott was fond of telling a story, where the facts came within his personal knowledge.

A timid man was persuaded that the ground over which he was walking was full of adders. He was greatly alarmed, and soon thought he felt one in his boot. He struck violently at the boot with a stick in his hand to kill the reptile.

As he struck hard, he was certain he heard the adder hiss, and, excited almost to terror, he kept pelting away at the boot till the ankle was sore from the pounding. Stopping at last from sheer exhaustion, and listening, he said, "Ah! now he is silent. I think I have done for him," and pulled off his boot.

What was surprise and chagrin at finding that the adder was his watch, which had slipped down into the boot, and that the breaking of the spring was the only hiss he heard. It may be hoped that he learned a good lesson, and did not yield again to idle fears without inquiring if there was any real occasion for alarm.

Another illustration is afforded by the following incident of recent occurrence: Two convicts in the California State Prison took delight in torturing a timid fellow, whose cell was between their own, by pretending at night that they saw ghosts.

They talked to each other about it, describing the most awful sights, and counterfeiting excessive fright. A week or two of this treatment drove the victim crazy, and he really imagined he was haunted by the very creatures which they conjured up.

ASSOCIATES.—It would be a useful question for us to ask ourselves—What is it that we desire and find in our associates?—whether we are drawn to them by similar aims and congenial tastes, or whether we are creating an artificial circle, bound together by nothing more enduring than purse strings?

Whether we are in such circles, and keeping others out of them, longing and laboring to enter, matters little. The spirit is the same in either case, and it is one which is destructive to personal development, and pernicious to a community.

A YOUNG man who sows wild oats will reap the same. The youth who forms evil habits will experience the unhappy results later on in life.

At Home and Abroad.

A crusade against bokey-pokey has been going on in London for some years past, shocking accounts of the millions of microbes found in the mixture being published from time to time. A member of the Health Board, however, analysed a strawberry ice cream bought of one of the most fashionable West End caterers recently, and found that it contained from 8,000,000 to 14 000 000 bacteria to the cubic centimeter, among them the bacillus coli, which is a worse record than that of the street venders.

A case on trial in Union, S. C., proves a puzzle to the court officers, and they do not know how to get out of the dilemma they are in. A man was arrested and convicted of selling goods on a Sunday. The only penalty that can be imposed on the person offering goods for sale is the confiscation of the article. Now, the only goods as far as known offered for sale were those actually bought, and the Judge and other court officers are bothered to know how to confiscate goods which do not now belong to the person who originally offered them for sale.

A Norridgewock, Me., farmer entertained a party of about 100 friends one day last week, and the table was spread in the yard beneath the branches of a willow tree which has an interesting history. The next day after President Lincoln was assassinated the farmer chanced to be three miles from home, and, to assist him in his walk across lots, cut a willow limb, which he used for a cane. As he climbed the fence into his yard he stuck the "cane" into the ground, top end down. It took root and grew as willows often do, and today is a large tree, covering a space fifty-two feet in diameter.

A bent and crippled man, about 55 years old, who may be seen in a certain street in New York almost any day, has a business peculiarly his own. He makes the rounds of the city mission and Salvation Army barracks, where religious revivals are constantly carried on, and purchases the contributions of watches, rings and other jewelry, which enthusiasts make in response to appeals for aid for the Christian. It is no uncommon thing for converts to strip their fingers of rings and drop the trinkets into the contribution box. Women do this more frequently than men. Diamond eardrops and jeweled lace pins are also contributed. Watches are the donations of male enthusiasts. These contributions were something of a nuisance to the missions, for it was hard to find a market for them, till this crippled genius entered the field. The mission managers are glad enough to sell the jewelry to him at reasonable rates, and he, having a good knowledge of the value of jewelry, has no difficulty of disposing of it in the lane at a good advance on the cost to him.

Nowhere is the cigarette smoked so much as in Paris, not even in Spain, that classic land of the papel de hilo. The pure Parisian may be recognised by the fact that he only smokes the cigarette. Whether a man of fortune with the means of purchasing the fullest flavored regalias or the mildest partagas, or a man of the people to whom the pipe is more convenient, as he can hold it between his teeth while he works, to whatever class he may belong and whatever good reason he may have for preferring something different, the Parisian always remains faithful to his plain caporal tobacco rolled up in a piece of paper, and rolled up by himself. Let that point be noted, for one of the charms of the cigarette is to make it one's self, to feel it take form and consistency, gradually becoming firmer, more equal, soft, and elastic, rustling, crackling, and softly gliding between the fingers which caress it amorously. The greatest attraction in the cigarette is to make it without its ever being completely made, for this second point must be noted in particular. The real smoker of the cigarette never wets his paper or gives to it a definite form, but continues to roll while smoking it.

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Our Young Folks.

TAILS OR NO TAILS.

BY J. M. D.

AND then there was a strange sound, and all the animals wondered. The hyena was laughing loudly.

But that is not the beginning of the story. It all began with a quarrel between three monkeys.

Monkeys are always quarreling, as everyone knows; but this time they made so much noise, and screamed and chattered so loudly, that they disturbed all the animals.

Baboo and Apee began the quarrel, and it was all about a tail, whether a monkey ought to have a tail or not.

Apee declared that a tail was not a bit of use; but Baboo held that no monkey could be handsome without one.

Then Apee threw a whole handful of nutshells at Baboo, Baboo chased Apee, and so the trouble began.

"Those monkeys," said Buffa, the big bear, "make so much noise and fuss."

"Those monkeys," said Stripina the tiger, "those monkeys ought every one to be——"

"Hugged," said Buffa. "Never mind; only wait until they wake his Majesty, then we shall see——"

But suddenly the noise ceased, for a third monkey, a stranger, arrived upon the scene.

"What are you quarreling about?" he asked.

"It is a question of tails," said Apee.

The stranger turned round quickly and waved a long, long tail in the air.

"I can speak on that subject," he said.

Baboo started, and almost tumbled out of the tree.

"Yes," said the stranger, "of course you admire it."

"Admire it," said Baboo, "why it's much too long!"

"Not a bit," said the stranger, "no tail is of any use——"

"My opinion," said Apee.

"Unless it is very long," said the stranger.

"Nonsense," said Baboo, "no monkey can be called handsome unless he has a tail."

"Certainly," said the stranger.

"Rubbish!" screamed Apee. "I never did, and I never shall, see the use of a tail."

"Bosh!" said the stranger.

And then once more the noise began.

"Did ever anybody see such a fuss?" said Stripina.

"Only wait," said Buffa. "I hear——"

And at that moment there echoed through the forest the roar of his Majesty, the roar of the king of the forest, the king of animals, the lion.

Apee and Baboo stopped chattering and began to tremble, and the stranger whispered gently—

"What is that?"

"The king comes this way," called Buffa.

"Make way for the king," shouted Stripina.

And through the forest the call was carried from one to another, until the leaves as they danced up and down, whispered to one another—

"The King! the King!"

Apee and Baboo tried to hide themselves in the trees; but the stranger scrambled to the ground, anxious to see all that was to be seen.

When the lion walked towards him, however, he began to tremble too.

"Your name?" said his Majesty.

"Munkee," said the stranger.

"This noise?" said the King.

"We were quarreling," said Munkee.

The King roared loudly, and Munkee began to wish that he were up in the trees with Baboo and Apee, and to wonder what was going to happen to him.

"Where is Buffa?" said the King.

Buffa stepped forward.

"Now tell me," said the King.

"Call Apee and Baboo, your Majesty," said Buffa; "they were quarreling with Munkee.

So Baboo and Apee were forced to come from their hiding place.

"It was about his tail," said Baboo.

"And is it an interesting tale?" said the King. "Tell it to me."

"Not that kind of a tale," said Munkee, "this kind," and he once more waved his long tail in the air.

"The question is," said Stripina, "ought monkeys to have tails?"

"I say 'No,'" said Apee.

"I say 'Yes,'" screamed Baboo and Munkee together.

"An interesting point," said the King; "we will settle this matter once and for all. Send forth our messengers to every part of the earth. Call all the animals together. We will hold a Grand Court of Inquiry."

So the messengers were sent forth, and in every land, in every tongue, large notices telling of the King's command were fastened to tree, or rock, and wall, in country and in town.

Many private meetings were held to discuss the important question, "Ought monkeys to have tails?" and when the day of the great meeting arrived, large numbers of animals assembled in the forest.

There were beasts of all kinds, a giraffe, an elephant, a mouse, three cats, a sheep, a deer, a pig; so many kinds that it would be impossible to name them. And they were all eager to hear what would be decided, all glad of the chance to attend so important a meeting.

His Majesty roared three times, Buffa the bear, called "Order, order, order!" the animals formed a large circle, and the meeting began.

"Call the names," said His Majesty.

Buffa read the list, and each one answered to his name—that is to say, all but one answered, for when Huggerlee the hyena's name was called, there was no answer.

"Where is Huggerlee?" asked the King.

"Asleep," said Stripina with a growl, "of course he will not care to come."

His Majesty roared angrily, and Buffa went quickly on with his list.

"Call the three monkeys," said the King.

Apee, Baboo, and Munkee walked solemnly into the circle, and bowed before the king.

"Tails or no tails," called Buffa loudly.

"Your Majesty," said Baboo.

"Your Royal Highness," said Apee.

"O King," said Munkee.

But the King held up his paw for silence.

"We will speak first," he said.

The three monkeys bowed.

"We wish to settle this question once and for all," said the King, "therefore we have called this meeting. You, Baboo, tell us, why should monkeys have tails?"

"Because they look so ugly without them," said Baboo.

"Write that down," said the King to a young lion, who stood beside him. "Now, Apee, you tell us, why should a monkey not have a tail?"

"Because any tail gets in the way," said Apee.

"Nonsense," said Munkee, "I can get on much faster than you or Baboo; my tail helps me, I can swing from branch to branch."

"Silence!" said Buffa, "don't speak until the King speaks to you."

"You all hear these monkeys," said the King, "now hear us. We propose that Baboo, Apee, and Munkee shall race through the forest. We will watch and judge. As we all watch we will decide whether a tail makes a monkey handsomer or uglier, whether it helps him to move more quickly or more slowly."

"We will decide," cried all the animals.

"I shall win easily," cried Munkee.

"You think so," said Baboo.

"We shall see," shouted Apee.

Then Buffa marked a path through the forest from one tree to another; all the animals gathered together to watch; the King roared three times, and the monkeys started on their race.

"There and back," shouted Buffa; "go as you please."

"Of course, there can be no doubt that a fine tail is most becoming," said a Persian kitten.

"I quite agree with you," said the fox.

"So do I," said the squirrel.

"I can't say I consider one any ornament," said the Manx cat.

"Now, it all depends upon what you call a fine tail," said the beaver. "I admire a strong, broad tail; a tail that will do good work. What I should do without a tail, I cannot think!"

"You would get on very well," said the deer, "I do."

"A tail," said the sheep, "should be short and flat."

"No, long and thin," squeaked the mouse.

"Before all things," said the pig, "it should be curly," and he sighed with satisfaction as he thought of his own very curly tail.

"Order, order, order!" shouted Buffa. "Tails or no tails—and of course I say no tails—the race is nearly over."

The three monkeys were hurrying back through the trees. Munkee was first, closely followed by Apee, and Baboo was behind.

"I knew how it would be," said the rat; "a tail is a capital thing."

"I like a tail with some style about it," said the giraffe, "not a long thin thing, not a short bushy thing; but a thing with a finish to it, a really elegant thing."

"Here they come!" said Stripina, beating the ground with his tail.

They were only a short distance from the King, and it seemed as if Munkee would win easily.

Then something happened — Munkee stopped and fell over Apee on to the ground, Baboo tumbled on the top of them; but once on the ground, Baboo soon passed the others and reached the King first.

The animals cheered and shouted. For a few minutes nothing could be heard, though Buffa called loudly, "Order, order, order!"

At last Munkee's voice was heard screaming—

"It wasn't fair, Apee pulled my tail ——"

"Silence!" roared the King.

"It wasn't fair. Munkee's tail caught and tripped me up," shouted Apee.

"Places, places!" called Buffa.

"Unless every animal is in his place before we——" said the King.

And, needless to say, all the animals were in their places long before.

"Now," said the King, "without doubt Baboo has won the race, and without doubt every monkey is handsome with a tail, therefore our decision is that every monkey ought to have——"

And then came the strange sound, which made all the animals wonder. Huggerlee the hyena was laughing. The King was very angry, but he did not roar.

"Fetch him here," he said quietly.

But no animal obeyed. Buffa was pretending to be asleep, and Stripina happened to be looking another way, thinking of something else.

"Huggerlee, great hyena," said the King, "appear before us."

And still making the strange noise, the hyena came forward.

"I was only smiling, your Majesty," he said. "You see, whatever you and your Grand Court decide—" and he began to laugh again—"you can't alter things, can you? Some monkeys will always have tails, and some will never have any," and then he ran out of the circle.

The King roared three times, and the meeting was ended.

The question of tails has never since been talked about by the animals, but from that day to this, whenever the hyena is heard to laugh, the animals keep out of his way.

Men say he laughs when he is hungry, but the animals know that he is thinking of the Grand Court of Inquiry and the tails.

How Lager Beer Originated.—Many years ago, a shoemaker, in a small town, near Bamberg, Germany, sent his apprentice to get a bottle of Bamberg beer, (small beer,) which was sold in that place; but the boy, not knowing this, went to the city itself; on returning he met an acquaintance of his, who told him, that when he would come home his "boss" would whip him for staying out so long.

The poor boy, who was frightened at this, thought it better not to go home at all, but took his bottle, buried it under a tree, and ran away. He then went among the soldiers where he distinguished himself, so that in short he became an officer. When one day his regiment was quartered in this small town, the officer thought it proper to pay a visit to his old boss, but not before he had got the bottle of beer which he had buried some years ago under the tree.

When he entered, he said, "Well, sir, here I bring you your bottle of Bamberg beer, that you sent me for."

The shoemaker not knowing what this meant, was told by the officer all about it. The bottle was then opened, and the beer found to be of a superior quality.

When the fact was known, some of the brewers built deep vaults where they put their beer in, and called this, after it had lain there for some time, lager, which means nothing more than lying.

The officer afterwards married the daughter of the shoemaker, and drank a good deal of lager beer, receiving in that occupation the assistance of his father-in law.

The effort of to-day should be to reconcile the faith of yesterday with the truth of to-morrow.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The latest medical scare is the "tomato heart."

Duke once meant any leader. The word is from the Latin.

The average walking pace of a healthy man or woman is said to be seventy-five steps a minute.

The greatest velocity attained by a whale when struck by a harpoon is nine miles an hour.

Taking it year in and year out, the coldest hour of each twenty-four is 5 o'clock in the morning.

Oxen and sheep are believed by some stockmen to fatten better in company than when kept alone.

If you don't want to be unlucky in Ireland don't view a funeral procession from under an umbrella.

The bones of very aged persons are said to have a greater proportion of lime than those of young people.

Over forty million trees have been planted in Switzerland in seven years, in the effort to "reforest" the country.

During the year ending June 30, 1,361,356,483 pieces of ordinary mail matter passed through the New York Post-office.

According to the beliefs of the Arizona Indians, the cliff dwellers built along the bluffs because they feared another deluge.

One of the New York leaders of the fashionable world has a collection of over 1000 teapots, some of which are very valuable.

Greater New York consists of 45 islands, just as many as there are stars in our flag. It might be called the Island City.

The Wagner Society met at Bayreuth last week, when it was disclosed that in three years the membership has fallen from 8000 to 3300.

Denmark was at first Danmark, or the mark or limit set by Dan, a Scandinavian chief, who claimed jurisdiction over its territories.

The largest man ever enlisted in the British army was Lieut. Sutherland. His height was eight feet four inches, and his weight 364 pounds.

An inventor in Paterson proposes to inflate bicycle tires with hydrogen, which will increase the buoyancy of the wheel, or decrease its weight by eight pounds.

A couple in New York who have lived happily together for thirty-seven years refuse, although starving, to go to the poorhouse, because they would be separated.

A small piece of candle may be made to burn all night by putting finely powdered salt on it until it reaches the black part of the wick. A small, even light may be kept in this way.

If all the telegraph lines of the world were combined and stretched in one straight line they would reach 861,000 miles, or enough to encircle the earth nearly thirty-seven times.

A bicycle rider has sued the city of Cincinnati and one of its contractors for causing a street to be so heavily sprinkled that his wheel slipped and he was thrown and badly bruised.

Lightning struck a wire on which a grapevine was trained in the Pollock vineyard, at Moultrie, Fla., and stripped the fruit from it, jumping then to another wire and repeating the effect.

The short summer of the Arctic regions on land is at times almost tropical in character. During the period of constant day a temperature in the sun of from sixty to eighty degrees Fahrenheit is not uncommon.

In 1901 there were only 280,000 persons in the limits of the United States who spoke German as a mother tongue; now over 7,000,000 of our people, Germans, or descendants of Germans, read and speak that language.

If the refrigerator is too small to hold a watermelon which you wish to keep cool, roll the melon in wet cloths and place it in the sun. The process of evaporation will cool the melon. Wet the cloth on the outside as it becomes dry.

In investigating the dust of railway carriages in Germany, under the direction of the Imperial Board of Health, it is found that in fourth class cars there were more than twelve thousand germs per metre; in first-class cars, one-fifth of this number.

That Roentgen rays burn the skin like sunlight is the latest information from Berlin about the phenomenon. Professors Grunbach and Du Bois Reymond have succeeded in rendering visible some of the softer parts of the body, like the larynx and the diaphragm, by means of improved tubes.

Crater Lake, in Oregon, is the deepest body of fresh water in America, its aggregate depth being 2000 feet. It is five miles in diameter, and is thought to be the crater of an extinct volcano. No fish have ever existed in it, so far as is known; and the United States Fish Commission will make an investigation to discover whether it will be feasible to stock the lake.

O MIGHTY WORLD.

BY F. W. B.

By land and sea I traveled wide;
My thought the earth could span;
And wearily I turned and cried,
"O little world of man!"

I wandered by a green wood's side
The distance of a rod;
My eyes were opened, and I cried,
O mighty world of God!"

THE CAUSE OF WAR.

Of late a great deal has been heard of the Matabele, in South Africa, in consequence of the war of the native tribe of this name with the English. The Matabele is the ideal native of northern South Africa, a superior specimen of the negro or Kaffir race.

Tall, erect, finely modeled, handsome according to his type, with a correspondent array of physical and mental qualities, a great sportsman, fond of athletic pastimes, reckless of life and limb in the pursuit of his passion—a fight, as ready to be killed as to kill. But with all these brave qualities he has, like Samson of old, in spite of his strength, a weakness, one that is not entirely confined to the black race, however, a weakness which takes the form of a plump, well-conditioned damsel or entombi.

Now the Matabele is essentially a marrying man. His admiration for the dusky beauties of his people is unbounded, and in the matter of wives he will go any length. He will beg, steal, plunder, kill, nay, even resort to work, in order to obtain the wherewithal necessary to buy as many as he feels disposed to marry.

His courage in this respect is truly marvelous; in fact it is difficult to decide which to admire most, his easy assumption of such varied matrimonial responsibilities, or his capacity for unlimited honeymoons.

Perhaps the absence of that much-abused personage, the mother-in-law, has something to do with the case, since it is a rigidly enforced law that the mother of a man's wife never dare show her face to her son-in-law.

Although in the case of marriage a young Matabele girl is the property of her father, to be disposed of to the suitor who can offer the greatest number of cattle, goats, or other property in exchange for her hand, she has a voice in the matter, and can reject or accept as the humor suits her. This is a privilege rarely if ever denied her; in fact, it is looked upon with a sort of superstitious respect which enables the women to keep a quiet upper hand, so to speak.

On the other side, a girl will, in nine cases out of ten, yield to the wishes of her father, and marry whomever he may select, without troubling herself over those complex questions of heart-affinities, marriages pre-ordained by heaven, and kindred-soul business, which so agitate the peace of mind of her civilized sister.

But the Matabele girl is not devoid of sentiment; on the contrary, she has the greatest pride in the exploits of the man she marries. He may be old, toothless, with one leg in the grave, and the other feebly tripping a war dance, but if he can show on his assegai the blood of many victims, he is the greatest old bean in the kraal, with not one, but a score of tender young damsels ready to fly to his arms and become the most docile of wives and obedient of slaves, toiling early and late in the fields and tending the cattle to enrich him that he may revel in uxusia (beer) and sit in council with the king.

Now the young people in a Matabele kraal have no such variety of amusements in the way of balls, garden parties, "At Homes" and theatres, as form the happy hunting ground of lovers in our own land.

They are forced to rely on the periodical feasts or monthly dances at the full of the moon, and the feasts which occur on the return of the impis—young and old—from a marauding expedition wherein they have killed and plundered to their hearts' content some neighboring tribe. The home-coming of the victorious braves, laden with spoil in the way of cattle and slaves, usually children and young girls, is a matter of great rejoicing.

Feasting and drinking are followed by a war dance, wherein each brave recounts his deeds of blood and valor, and exhibits his blood-stained assegai in proof of his feats of "killing off," emphasizing, by darts in the air of that formidable weapon, the number of his victims. The wives and young maidens, decked out in their most fashionable attire, in the latest mode of bead trimmings and feather adornments, painted to an artistic degree that would outrival the "make-up" of a pantomime star, assist at this part of the feast with infinite gusto, while the forlorn band of widows and mother-in-law view the spectacle from a respectful distance.

This feast is followed by a general marrying off, wherein the youngest and prettiest damsels usually fall to the lot of the most bloodthirsty warriors, and go rejoicing to the various nuptial huts prepared by the happy bridegrooms.

Since the defeat of Lobengula, several years ago, there have been no feastings and givings in marriage as of old, for the simple reason that the Matabele girls will not marry unless their suitors can show the blood-stained assegai.

In this resolve the women have been craftily influenced by the old witch doctors and headmen, who sigh for the broad lands, and, above all, the sacred kraal, Buluwayo, which the English have conquered.

Slowly and steadily they have instilled the poison of hatred for the white man, or "'Mlungoo," into their women, and incited them to resist the entreaties of their would-be husbands, until the men, driven to desperation, were compelled to resort to the present rising.

The war has been attributed by various high authorities to the enforcement of the cattle tax or indemnity on the Matabele. But those who have lived among the Matabele and know their customs think, and justly, quite differently, and lay the trouble at the door of many a hut where a Matabele girl sits patiently waiting for the lover who comes to woo her through the virtue of the blood-stained assegai.

PLACED IN HIS COFFIN.—A curious ceremony took place recently at a funeral in a village near Amiens. The deceased was a card-playing enthusiast. By the terms of his will a pack of cards had to be placed in his coffin, and to certain of his card-playing friends was bequeathed a legacy of about a hundred dollars apiece provided that they bore him to the grave and stopped on the way to drink a glass of wine at a small tavern, where he had "spent so many agreeable evenings. The strange conditions of the will caused the assembly of a large crowd, in whose presence the testator's instructions were duly carried out.

Grains of Gold.

Circumstances are beyond the control of man; but his conduct is in his own power.

Begin early in the course of education, while the mind is pliant and the age is flexible.

Pedantry crams our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it.

Deal not roughly with thy wife whose strength is less than thine; but be thou a protection unto her.

How indestructibly the good grows and propagates itself even among the weedy entanglements of evil!

Better a wrong will than a wavering; better a steadfast enemy than an uncertain friend; better a false belief than no belief at all.

Good men have fewest fears. He has but one who fears to do wrong. He has a thousand who has overcome that one.

Emerson says: "The wise man throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point."

Femininities.

It is quite appropriate that the villain of the opera should always be the bass man among the singers.

People like occasionally to be told that they look sick enough to be in bed. It makes them feel heroic because they stayed up.

The shortest will on record, proved in the Lewes Probate Court in 1878, was contained in eight words—"Mrs. A. to have all when I die."

"Alas!" sighed Jenkinson—"alas to think that I, who am such a lover of nature, should discover after my marriage that I am indissolubly wedded to art!"

A lady and gentleman accidentally touched each other's feet under under the table. "Secret telegraphy," said she. "Communication of soles," said he.

Philanthropic old lady: Dear, dear John, what do all these girls who are growing up without any education, not even knowing how to spell correctly, come to be? John: Typewriters.

Miss Margaret O'Connor, a young woman who was drowned in a Wisconsin lake one day last week, was, according to her diary found among her effects, warned by a dream on July 8 of her impending fate.

"Hamlet" was once performed on the stage with none but women filling the roles. Charlotte Cushman, Adele Belgarde and Anna Dickinson were among the performers. Miss Marriott impersonated the Prince.

"Yes," sighed Mary, Queen of Scots; "my life has been a very unhappy one! And yet," she added, with a gleam of gratitude in her eye, "I have always had something to be thankful for. No one has ever called me Mamie!"

Little Emile, as his sister Elli enters the room with an apple in her hand: Let's play Adam and Eve, sis!

Elli: How?

Emile: You tempt me with the apple, and I'll eat it.

A fork, a piece of iron, two teaspoons, a needle, a piece of lace, a crochet needle, two 2½-inch nails, four pieces of glass, eight buttons and a key were recently taken from the stomach of a woman in an Odessa Hospital recently. The woman is still alive.

Lady, at an intelligence office, about to engage a new servant: "Now, Bridget, in regard to going out visiting, I——" Bridget, interrupting: "O, mum, you kin go out whinever ye plase. You'll not find Bridget Lanigan hard, mum, nor dictatorial like!"

Amongst the proceedings of the Ohio Sunday School Convention we find the following resolution, agreed to on the motion of a promising young lawyer: "Resolved that a committee of ladies and gentlemen be appointed to raise children for the Sabbath school."

"I believe you're a fool, John," testily exclaimed Mrs. Miggs, as her husband unwittingly presented her with the hot end of a potato-dish, which she promptly dropped and broke. "Yes," he added, resignedly, "that's what the clerk told me when I went to take out my marriage license."

The bicycle boat which Mr. Bell, of Danbury, is building for William Wright and William Teller, of New York, consists of two sixteen-foot pneumatic tubes, made of tin and cigar-shaped at each end. They are surmounted by an old bicycle frame, which is connected with a wheel and rudder at the rear.

Children and fools, says the old adage, always tell the truth. "Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbor, "to ask you to come and take tea with her this evening." "Did she say at what time, my dear?" "No, ma'm; she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind; that was all she said."

Pretty girl: All the girls in our set are going to be vaccinated to-morrow night. Do you know where?

Bashful youth, blushing deeply: Really I—I couldn't—er—um——

Pretty girl: Oh, you'd never guess in the world! We are all going to meet at cousin Clara's house and be vaccinated there.

There is an anxious interest in Washington society over a rumor that Mavroyent Bey, the Turkish Minister to this country intends to bring thirty or forty of his best looking wives from his harem next season and establish them in his magnificent apartments there. Some of these women are said to be young and very handsome.

German mother, to suitor: No—I can never give you my daughter; I have quite made up my mind.

Suitor: Then I am doubly disappointed. I vowed that I would have a lovely wife and a young-looking mother-in-law.

Mother: Well—er—you may call again. I may change my mind.

Recent measurements made by Herren Geisler and Ulitzch on school children at Freiberg, in Saxony, show that between the ages of eleven and sixteen girls are generally taller than boys, and that the boys overtake the girls and keep the lead. Some years ago the same thing was observed in American children by Dr. Bowditch of Harvard, and by Mr. Charles Roberts in England.

Masculinities.

A piece of steel is a good deal like a man—when you get it red hot it loses its temper.

He: You want to know what I'd be were it not for your money? She: Yes—I do. He: A bachelor.

He: Is that your school-friend? Why, she isn't so very ugly. She: Ugly? Who said she was?" He: You said all the girls loved her.

Visitor: Why do you think the doctor will soon tell you are able to go out? Patient: He knows I've spent nearly all my money.

Charles P. Cook, of Naugatuck, Connecticut, failed in business, owing to his mania for trying fickle fortune through the slot machines.

A boy bridegroom at Sialkote, India, was so vexed at his being jestingly made to bend his knee to his little bride that he killed himself by jumping into a well.

When Jones heard it remarked that the less a man drank in warm weather the cooler he was, he wanted to know how much drink he would have to go without in order to freeze.

The men and women of the Cree tribe of Indians dress alike, and can be distinguished only by the ornamentation of their leggins, that of the men being vertical, and that of the women horizontal.

"Books that have helped me?" said an eminent citizen. "I guess that Webster's Dictionary contributed as much to my elevation as any. I used to sit on it regularly at meals when I was a small boy."

Jones: Robinson always carries his load well. He seems able to drink any quantity of champagne. Smith: I never knew Robinson buy a bottle of champagne. Jones: Of course I mean any given quantity.

Hubby, waking the floor at two A. M.: I'd just like to know why the baby persists in staying awake every night. Wife: Really I can't imagine. I have never any trouble keeping him asleep in the daytime.

"Poor fellow, he died in poverty," said a man of a person lately deceased. "That isn't anything," exclaimed a needy bystander. "Dying in poverty is no hardship. It's living in poverty that put's the screw on a fellow."

I like men who are temperate and moderate in everything. An excessive zeal for that which is good, though it may not be offensive to me, at all events raises my wonder, and leaves me in a difficulty how I should call it.

A resident in Delaware recently enclosed a dollar to a man who advertised that for that amount he would send information which would make food entirely unnecessary. By return mail the inquirer got the directions. They were: "Take a dose of poison."

Professor: Next time, ladies, I will bring to your acquaintance one of the great men of the past. Delightful young lady (to her neighbor: I should prefer to make the acquaintance of one of the young men who hasn't passed yet.

Tailor: You will greatly oblige me, sir, by letting me have something on account. I have to meet some heavy bills for cloth to-morrow, and——" Customer: What! Bills for cloth? You go and get into debt, and then expect me to pay your creditors! Is it likely?"

Prof. Virchow, the eminent German pathologist, has affirmed his belief that no trace of "the missing link" between man and the lower animals has been discovered, either in the physical structure of modern savages or in the human skulls which are believed to be the most ancient.

"See here, landlord," said an angry tenant, after he had signed the contract for a year, "his house is full of sewer gas."

"Yes; that's what I told you."

"Told me!"

"Yes. You asked me if there was gas in every room, and I said there was."

An Enterprise, Or., saloon keeper, for the revocation of whose license a petition had been circulated, published a card addressed to "his friends who had been so kind as to sign the petition," asking them to please settle their whisky bills before he closed his place.

Barmann, the German lion-tamer, came home one night rather the worse for drink, and was soundly rated by his better half. His unruffled composure on this occasion incensed her the more, and Barmann at length took refuge in the lions' cage, bolting the door after him. Wife, armed with a broomstick, at the door of the cage: "Come out of that, you coward!"

The latest swindle comes appropriately from Connecticut, which is mentioned in the geography books as the "Wooden Nutmeg" State. A dapper man and a smart lady call upon minister A. of B., and get married. Dapper man hands new twenty-dollar bill to minister in payment of the five-dollar fee, and receives the change. The rest of the day is spent in calling upon minister C. of D., minister E. of F., and so on, repeating the process. The intelligent reader will by this time have perceived that each minister is fifteen dollars to the bad at the end of the d

Latest Fashion Phases.

Sashes are worn again, and are made of wide black satin ribbon, flowered ribbon, chiffon or plain silk, with a frill of Valenciennes lace all around the edge.

Many of silk wrappers and lounging gowns have wide loose sleeves in imitation of Japanese Kimonas. The looped sleeve is made of one long shapeless length of silk put in without fulness, Kimona fashion, and, of course, the fronts are folded back a la Japonais. A trimmed silk petticoat in gay colors and a matinee jacket in delicate wash cottons is a charming and quickly accomplished negligee.

While many of the new dress skirts show a strong tendency for trimming, the bodice is still the portion of the gown where decorations continue to flourish without limit.

The very latest gauzes are flowered in chine patterns and plaited in soft, pretty colors, and they are employed in full vests and blouse waists and for decorating white silk evening dresses. Ribbon ruches and plaited frills of narrow ribbon are very much used for trimming summer gowns, set on in waved lines around the skirt, and various designs for the bodice are carried out in satin and taffeta ribbon.

The jackets of white pique are very popular. They may be of any shape, and are worn with a dark skirt They are certainly "smart," and, if the under blouse has a soft collar, they are very becoming.

The neck ruche is quite as popular as ever, and has scarcely decreased in size with skirts and sleeves. They are now made with artificial flowers and surroundings of lace and chiffon. The latest idea is to have the choker almost tight, with all of the fulness bunched in the back, the fullness often extending in the form of a jabot down the back breadth. This is only practicable on slender figures or with the careful adjustment of the trimming on the front of the bodice.

Vandyke collars of ecru and white batiste, trimmed with lace and insertion, are made to wear over thin summer gowns.

Lovely dotted Swiss waists have large bishop sleeves, with a collar band and cuffs covered with rows of the narrow yellowish Valenciennes lace; large revers extending over the shoulders and a centre box plait also trimmed with the lace.

White gowns are to be worn more than ever this season for informal as well as dressy occasions, and these are accompanied by white hats, shoes and parasols.

Laces and fluffs of all kinds play an important part in the neck touches for summer evening gowns.

Little boa like arrangements of puffed and knotted lace or net are handy and bewitching scraps for coolish evenings on porches or to throw around one's neck after dancing.

For the shore the favorite gowns are of materials that don't drop into nothingness at the first breath of salt air, which is the high enemy of all flimsy stuffs. Of course, for dress-up and evening wear one braves anything, even the damp sea air, to be daintily dressed, but for general wear duck suits and fancy ginghams are the next best thing after serges.

A pretty little frock is of plain pink gingham, trimmed with white embroidered insertion. This dress is cut all in one, with three box plaits both front and back, the central one extending from the neck to the waist, while the side ones are from neck to edge. The neck is finished with a band of embroidery. The same garniture also forms the belt which passes under the box-plait at either side of the front and back, thus producing a very stylish effect. The upper part of the long plaits are adorned with a strap of the insertion, terminating in a point. The full bishop sleeve is drawn into a band of the insertion, forming a straight cuff.

Dark-hue duck is used to create a serviceable suit. The full, flaring gored skirt is finished with a stitched hem. The jaunty little jacket with open, rounded fronts has moderately long fluted basques, stylishly shaped revers and collar faced with white duck, being fastened at the bust by a buttoned tab of the blue duck. The sleeves are cut leg-of-mutton shape and are finished quite plain.

A third dress is of tan cheviot, trimmed with brown velvet and cream-colored guipure applique. The plain skirt is very cleverly cut so that it hangs in pretty, soft folds, being lined throughout with French cambric to match and faced at the foot with a six-inch band of haircloth.

The bodice, plain at the shoulders and full at the waist where it fastens, at the left side, has large square revers of velvet, bordered with appliques of guipure, which open to reveal a V-shaped yoke of white satin, trimmed horizontally with two narrow rows of brown velvet, ornamented in the centre with a lace applique. The collar band is of the lace-adorned velvet, while the crushed belt of plain velvet fastens at the left side of the front under a smart bow of the same. The sleeve, with a short puff at the top, which is finished off with a band of the lace-trimmed velvet, and a lower-fitted sleeve, garnished at the hand with a similar band, is not only pretty, but fashionable.

An attractive frock for seaside wear is made in navy-blue serge, trimmed with white soutache braid and white serge. The full skirt, enhanced at the hem with three rows of braid, is mounted on a straight belt of the blue serge, trimmed with four rows of braid. The full bodice is cut away to display a round yoke and wide vest of white serge, the edge of the blue being bordered with three rows of braid. The fashionable puff sleeve is encircled at the wrist with three rows of braid, while the blue choker is treated in the same manner.

Very pretty is a fine stripe green and white gingham, trimmed with dark green cotton galon. The skirt is straight and about 3¾ yards wide, with two rows of galon on the hem, and is mounted on a band trimmed with galon. The blouse bodice has a chic revers collar turning back from the neck to the waist, revealing a flat gilet of the gingham, embellished in the centre with a single row of galon terminating in a trefoil at the bust. Three graduated straps of galon adorn the upper part of the collar, also terminating in a trefoil. The plain collar band is strapped with galon. The sleeve has a puff at the shoulder and fitted lower manche, trimmed with a single row of the braid.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

The great annoyance of people who are baking fruit pies comes from the loss of the rich syrup of juicy pies. To prevent this take a strip of muslin one inch wide and long enough to go around the pie and lap. Wet the cloth in cold water and lay it around the edge, half upon the pie and half upon the plate, pressing it upon either side. When the pie is taken from the oven remove the cloth. This will be found a success.

Black silk or satin which has become shiny may be cleaned in the following way: Take clean potato peelings, cover them with water, and allow them to soak for 24 hours. Then steam them, and well sponge the material with the water. Lay the material between clean cloths, and iron on the wrong side until it is quite dry.

It is said a large bowl of water placed as near as possible to the head of a sick person will induce sleep, and healthy people will often sleep better if shallow vessels filled with water are placed about the room.

If clothespins are boiled a few minutes and quickly dried every few weeks, it will cleanse them and make them more durable.

Before commencing to seed raisins, after the stems are removed, cover the fruit with very hot water and let it stand a few moments. Drain the water off and the seeds may then be removed quite easily.

A paste made of melted India rubber mixed with shellac varnish is the best thing to use for fastening leather trimmings on wood.

To remove an odor from a barrel half fill it with cold water. Heat half a dozen stones the size of the palm of the hand until they are red hot and throw them into the water, and let the water remain in the barrel until cold; then rinse the barrel with clean cold water.

During the hot weather the bread box requires special attention to prevent bread from moulding. The box should be scalded twice a week and aired in the sun for an hour before fresh bread is put in it. A tin box is much better to use for holding bread than a stone crock.

If a strip of webbing two inches wide is sewed tightly on the under side of a rug, close to the edge, it will prevent the edges from curling.

To polish shell combs rub them with flannel on which has been put some finely-powdered charcoal moistened with a little water. Then with clean flannel rub the shell vigorously with whiting or precipitated chalk to which a few drops of vinegar has been added. After this polish with the palm of the hand and dry powder.

In canning fruit use the extra juice that cannot be put into the jars to make a jelly. Add enough dissolved gelatine to the juice to make it mould when cold. Serve it with whipped cream and you have a delicious dessert.

Sandpaper will whiten ivory-handled knives which have become yellow from age or usage.

Warm bread and cake should be cut with a knife, the blade of which has been heated by standing it in boiling water.

If a tablespoonful of vinegar is added to the water in which tough meats or fowls are boiled it will tend to make them tender.

If the butter for breakfast and luncheon is made into pretty rolls with butter pats, then laid on a lettuce leaf with some cracked ice, it looks much more appetizing and dainty. Or the butter dish can be garnished with a sprig of parsley and some ice.

Tomato Bisque.—Put half a can tomatoes in a pot, add half-cup water and a small slice of onion. Let simmer slowly for fifteen minutes. Press through a colander, return to pot; add a pinch of baking soda. Have a pint of milk (or a little more if wanted) at scalding point; pour slowly into the tomato, stirring briskly. Add pepper and salt to taste, a teaspoon of butter and two tablespoons of well-boiled rice. Let simmer for three or four minutes; serve in hot tureen. The rice makes the soup just thick enough. Add the croutons the last thing.

About Luncheon.—Luncheon is an important meal, and should be carefully selected and prepared. If tea is used the mistress should know that it is perfectly fresh. At least one hot dish should form part of the menu. It should not be a heavy one, but it should be nourishing. Omelets, poached eggs, hashed meats on toast, croquettes or the like should be on the table, and fruit, either cooked or raw, should be eaten. Toast is more palatable than cold bread, and should therefore be used. Cake is an unnecessary luxury, a sufficient amount of sugar being taken in the healthier form of fruit.

Iced Cherries.—Wipe the cherries carefully with a soft cloth. Place in ice box over night. Serve in a pretty glass bowl with cracked ice.

Croutons.—Take a slice of bread half an inch thick and cut into small squares. Have a teaspoon of butter in frying pan. When hot and frothy add the bread and toss in pan until each piece is browned equally. Croutons make a great addition to the soup.

Boiling Corn in the Husks.—If you have never tried it, says the San Francisco Post, you will be surprised to see how much better sweet corn is boiled in the husks. Remove the outer husks, and strip down the inner husks far enough to remove all the silks. Then recover the ear with the inner husks, tying it at the top with a thread. Put in boiling water that has been salted for half an hour. When done cut off the stalks and serve on a napkin.

Cocoanut Cake.—This recipe make a very light and delicious cake and is very economical. Take two scant tablespoons butter and half a cup of sugar and smooth to a cream. Use two eggs, putting aside the white of one for the frosting. Beat the rest together very light, add to the butter and sugar. Then add one-half cup milk, one cup flour, three-fourths teaspoon vanilla. This quantity makes a two-layer cake. Bake ten or twelve minutes in a hot oven. Beat ten or twelve white of egg for frosting very stiff, add two teaspoons of powdered sugar and a few drops vanilla. Spread over one layer with half of this and sprinkle with prepared cocoanut or fresh-grated cocoanut. Then add the other layer and treat same way. Return to oven for about a minute to set the frosting. This makes a cake large enough for two meals.

Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding.—Have the beef rolled and save the bones for soup. Rub well with mustard and salt. Set the roast in the pan on a meat rest and baste constantly with the hot dripping. About half an hour before serving put in the potatoes and baste quickly; then pour the batter for Yorkshire pudding under the meat so that the gravy can drop in it. To make the batter, take one egg, one-half cup milk, pinch of salt and flour enough to make a thin batter. When cooked cut in squares and serve on platter with roast.

Omelet Soufflé.—Separate six eggs. Beat the whites up just as stiff as you possibly can and add only three yolks. Add three tablespoonfuls of stiffened powdered sugar, the grated yellow rind of half a lemon, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and four prunes, dates or any dried fruit chopped very fine. Don't stir until all of the ingredients are in, and then mix very quickly and lightly. Put a few spoonfuls in the bottom of a baking dish as a foundation and the rest in with a batter bag, so as to make the dish pretty; dust quickly with powdered sugar, and bake in a quick oven for eight minutes; sprinkle with sherry, and serve immediately.

Pineapple Omelet.—Have ready a tablespoonful of fresh-grated pineapple. Mix together three eggs, a teaspoonful of lemon juice and a tablespoonful of sugar. Put the omelet into a hot buttered pan, and cook to the required degree; then put in the pineapple, fold the omelet together and turn it out on a hot dish. Dust with powdered sugar and serve at once.

Tomato Jam.—Peel ripe tomatoes, taking out all seeds; put in a preserving kettle with one half pound of sugar to each pound of prepared tomato; boil two lemons soft, and pound them fine; take out the pips and add to the tomato; boil slowly, mashing to a smooth mass; when smooth and thick, put in jars and tumblers.

Baked Apples with Lemon.—Select twelve good, sound cooking apples, remove the blossom end, wipe clean, and put them in a baking-pan, and pour over them one cupful of boiling water, and sprinkle over them one teaspoonful of sugar. Invert a pan over them and bake until tender; let cool in the juice, pile in a glass fruit bowl and pour over all the grated rind and pulp of one large lemon, and sprinkle with sugar.

French Apple Tart.—Into half a pound of flour rub four ounces of butter; make a well in the centre, and put in it four ounces of fine pounded sugar, the yolk of an egg, and a teaspoonful only of cold water; mix gradually into a paste. Take two-thirds of the paste, and with it line a shallow round tin, brush it over with beaten egg, and prick it well with a fork; bake in a slow oven until done. Fill this case with apple pulp, and form a lattice-work on the top with the remaining portion of the paste, and return to the oven to finish baking. For the apple pulp steam seven or eight apples until soft, rub them through a wire sieve, and put the pulp into a stewpan with four ounces of pounded sugar, an ounce of butter, grated peel of a lemon, and the yolks of two eggs; stir over the fire until quite hot.

Compote de Pigeons.—Take a couple of pigeons, truss them, and put the livers in their bodies. Lay about one ounce of butter in the stew pan, and, when hot, put in the pigeons, with two or three slices of fat bacon bacon cut in dice, and a sliced onion (the French use for this dish a few of the small pickling onions when obtainable), and fry until a nice brown. Remove the pigeons, add a dessert-spoonful of flour to the butter in the pan, and stir very quickly until brown, taking great care to prevent its burning; then add very gradually half a pint of water or stock, stirring all the time. It will curdle, but continual stirring will soon make all smooth. When boiling, add half a wineglassful of claret, lay in the pigeons, etc., cover the pan, place a weight on the lid, and simmer very gently for about three-quarters of an hour. Toast a round of bread, cut it into four, and place it on a very hot dish. Cut the pigeon in halves, put one-half on each piece of toast, and the dice of bacon round, and pour the gravy over.

Cutlets of Turbot.—Take a quarter of a pound of cooked turbot free from skin and bone, and shred very fine. Make a very thick sauce with one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, and a quarter of a pint of milk; cook well over the fire, and season to taste with cayenne pepper, salt, and lemon-juice; add the fish and the yolk of egg; mix thoroughly, and turn on to a plate to cool. Form into cutlets, using a very little flour to prevent the mixture from sticking to the board and knife. Brush the cutlets with beaten egg and cover with fine white breadcrumbs; fry to a nice golden color. Dish in a circle on a dish paper; decorate with fried parsley and slices of lemon; serve hot.

THERE is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The August issue of The Century is the mid-summer holiday number, and appears in a distinctive cover. From the opening paper, "An Island Without Death," by Miss E. R. Scidmore, which gives an account of a visit to Miyajima, a sacred island in the Inland Sea, one of the great sights of Japan, to the final departments it is filled with the finest of reading and pictures. New Century Co., New York.

The August Popular Science Monthly opens with a discussion on "The Proposed Dual Organization of Mankind," by Prof. Wm. G. Sumner, of Yale, who maintains that the Eastern and Western continents can not be isolated from each other in political or commercial or monetary affairs. The other contents are fully abreast of the latest scientific developements and maintain the high character of this great publication. Published at New York.

The August number of Cassell's Family Magazine is well supplied with interesting, instructive and wholesome reading. "The Gatherer" department is full of timely information, and the number contains other matters of interest. Published at New York.

The Pocket Magazine for August contains interesting stories by Anthony Hope, Stephen Crane, Harriet Prescott Spofford and others. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York.

The mid-summer number of St. Nicholas is as interesting as ever. This issue opens with a very entertaining Russian story called "The Little Duchess and the Lion Tamer," by Fanny Locke Makenzie. It tells how a brave and quick-witted child saved the Czar from assassination. There is much in the issue which will be of great interest to the magazine's young readers. Published at New York.

Lippincott's for August leads with a thrilling story by Paul Leicester Ford, on "The Great K. and A. Train Robbery." Owen Hall is the author of an instructive article on "The Federation of Australia." Besides these there is a variety of reading matter on many topics that will be of interest to the readers of this sterling magazine. Published in this city.

Which She Loved Best.

BY T. L. B.

"THIS is my daughter, Margaret, mag gie, Mr. Wilton."

Herbert Wilton bowed, and pretty, winsome Maggie Mordaunt bowed in return.

Herbert had picked out the farm as a resting place during a business trip.

After Maggie's father had introduced the young people he went to the barn, leaving the pair seated upon the porch.

"A pleasant spot this," said Herbert, after he had finished admiring the pretty, dimpled hands which the girl had carelessly laid upon the light blue serge dress.

"You like it?" asked she.

"Like does not half express my admiration. It seems as though I should be perfectly satisfied to linger here for ever," responded Herbert.

"But surely, Mr. Wilton, the attractions of London life must surpass those of such a humdrum locality as this."

"On the contrary, I prefer what you call the humdrum locality."

"And why, may I ask?"

"Because, because—well, I cannot fully explain my reason. I suppose it is because I am heartily sick of London ways."

"And so you came here for a change?"

"Yes, I believe that is the reason."

The pair sat there upon the porch, talking upon one subject and the other, until the evening shadows fast deepened into darkness.

Finally Herbert arose, and said—

"As I am somewhat tired with my journey I will retire."

The girl called her father, and the latter taking a lamp led the way to the front chamber on the upper floor.

Bertie, as he was generally called, took up his traveling bag and, after a "good-night" to Maggie, he followed the old gentleman up the stairs, and shortly afterwards was soundly sleeping.

"He is handsome and so is Will. He is gentlemanly, and Will is not quite so easy. He talks and acts like a real gentleman, and Will can hardly ever find the right word to say when it is needed. Will loves me, and I—I wonder do I really and truly love Will?"

Thus Maggie mused after she had disrobed herself for the night, and sat perched upon a chair by the window.

Strange, she had never questioned the fact as to whether or not she loved Will. She had always taken it for granted that she did love the handsome, brown faced farmer boy, who had accompanied her home from singing in the parish room on practising nights in the winter, and taken her to picnics and on excursions in summer.

Theirs had been an affection without any question, any doubt or mistrust to mar the serenity of its flow.

Two, three weeks passed rapidly, and Herbert Wilton finds himself musing over the possibility of his being able to provide for a wife.

Maggie's lovely face, her pretty figure and her grace have been the whole cause of his perplexity. Before he met her he never had a thought of ever marrying.

He had espied a fine young farmer on several occasions talking with Maggie at the gate, but she told him that it was Will, a schoolmate, and a lifelong friend.

One evening Bertie was seated in the parlor talking with Maggie, when a trap halted at the door, and Will asked her to take a ride. Again, when Bertie requested her to take a row on the lake, she said she was very sorry, but she had an engagement with—Will.

"Miss Mordaunt that Will seems to take up all of your spare time," exclaimed Bertie.

"Excuse me, Mr. Wilton, not quite all, I believe I am at your service when not otherwise engaged," returned she.

"Humph! you are pretty much otherwise engaged most of the time."

And turning on his heel Bertie would leave Maggie. This soon became common, and finally Bertie was determined to end all by asking Maggie for her hand.

"Miss Mordaunt, will you walk with me along the riverside this evening?" asked Bertie, one evening after tea.

"I—I don't know."

"Of course; it's another engagement. No matter, I return to the city in the morning," interrupted Bertie.

"You are wrong, Mr. Wilton; I have no other engagement. To prove it, I will go to the river with you."

She put on her pretty, wide brimmed Gainesborough and walked by his side to the river.

"It is pretty," she said, gazing out upon the lake which reflected each shining star and fleecy, floating cloud upon its mirror-like surface.

"Pretty? yes, beyond all others I have ever looked upon." Something in his tones caused Maggie to look up quickly, and she blushed as she found his eyes gazing straight into hers. "Maggie, I—I love you."

There, it was said. The die was cast and Bertie's heart jumped up into his throat.

"Mr. Winton——"

"There now, Maggie, don't Mr. Wilton me. Can you not call me Bertie?"

"I might, that is if I had known you longer."

"You call that farmer—Will."

"Oh, Will and I were children together. That makes a difference, you see."

"I suppose so. But, Maggie, tell me, do you love me?" asked Bertie, trying to take her hand in his, a liberty which she did not seem to be disposed to permit.

"I—I—let us go back now, Mr.—Bertie," said Maggie.

"I love you, Maggie. Will you not give me just one small ray of hope?"

"I—I don't know," responded she.

Bertie seemed very much in earnest. Will had never, during all the years of their association, spoken of love.

She, like other girls in common, had a deal of admiration for a brave man. And Bertie Wilton seemed a valiant personage to Maggie, since he had dared to tell her that he loved her.

"Who does know, then?" asked Bertie.

"I—cannot; I—please let's go back home now," uttered Maggie.

"Shall we row the boat, the little boat down there, up to the stream which flows by the house?" said Bertie, pointing to a small boat near them.

"If you wish," said Maggie.

They got into the boat, and pushing it out from the shore Bertie plied the oars. A silence fell upon them after the boat had gone a short distance.

They reached the turn of the water, where the small stream poured its crystal waters into a lake.

Bertie turned the boat around—horror! the frail affair struck against a rock, and in another instant they were both precipitated into the water.

Bertie, as he went over, managed to grasp hold of the boat, and Maggie, as luck would have it, found herself securely seated upon the rock.

"Miss Mordaunt," said Bertie, "we are in a nice predicament."

"I'm wet through and through," cried Maggie.

Strangely enough, the thorough wetting seemed to take all the romance out of both. Here in the water up to their waists, Bertie hanging on to the shattered boat for dear life, and Maggie seated upon the rock, some ten or more yards from shore, all—affairs connected with love were as something utterly vague to them.

"What shall we do?" said Maggie. Bertie did not reply. Swim he could not; and he knew if he once lost his hold he would go down, down to a watery grave.

"I—I'm sorry we started. I—I—Miss, Miss M—M—Mordaunt, we shall both be at the bottom by morning," stuttered Bertie.

"Humph! I shouldn't wonder a bit, poor Mr. Wilton."

"Wh—what do you—you mean?"

"Why don't you do something, Mr. Wilton? Swim to shore for another boat. Do anything to get me off this horrid rock!"

"I—I can't swim!"

"Will can!"

"I'm glad to—to hear it. I—I wish Will was here."

Maggie then seemed to be possessed of an idea which she suddenly put into effect, for raising her voice to its highest pitch, she cried—"Will! Will! Will!"

"Hallo!" a voice in the distance responded.

"Quick, Will. Out here in the river where the stream flows in," cried Maggie, as she espied Will's form upon the shore.

And then Will dashed into the water and walked as quickly as possible to Maggie, took her in his arms, and walked back to shore.

"Help! How am I to get ashore?" yelled Bertie.

"You poor fool. Walk ashore! The water is about waist deep. You don't want me to carry you, do you?" exclaimed Will, as he walked off towards the house, Maggie, very limp and dripping, walking by his side.

Bertie walked to shore. What a fool he had been. If he had only known the depth of the water, perhaps he would not have lost Maggie.

Anyhow, he returned to London in the morning; and I can assure you he never mentioned the little circumstance.

Maggie and Will were married shortly afterwards. She said that the sight of Bertie in the water had cleared away all doubt, and she straightway knew that she did indeed love Will.

WHAT FLOWERS MEAN.

In the country districts of southern England the present of a bachelor's button to an unmarried man is a strong hint that he ought to change his condition as soon as possible.

The quaking-grass and sensitive plant symbolise agitation, the peculiar habit possessed by those of trembling at the slightest touch having no doubt suggested the symbolism.

The acacia has for a long time been regarded in the East as the emblem of concealed love. The notion is purely fanciful, for there is nothing about the plant to suggest the idea.

The scarlet fuchsia is symbolic of good taste. There is nothing better than a bed of these flowers the brilliancy of their hue being admirably set off by the green of their foliage.

The elm has been suggested as an emblem of patriotism. Several historic elm trees are mentioned in our Revolutionary annals, and from one of these the idea probably originated.

The cedar is an emblem of immortality, the symbol being suggested by its evergreen foliage. It is said to have been so regarded by the Jews a thousand years before the Christian era.

The white carnation is regarded in England as an emblem of disdain. This idea was probably suggested by the upright habit of the flower, which nods and waves haughtily in the breeze.

The daffodil is a symbol of chivalry. It was once a favorite flower in France, and at one time a fashion prevailed of gentlemen wearing bunches of daffodils in their hats with their plumes.

The hyacinth is indicative of jealousy. In the Greek legend the plant sprung from the blood of one who died for love. The name was derived from that of Hyacinthus, a boy beloved by Apollo.

The lady's slipper is considered, in the symbolism of flowers, to be a declaration of war, or, rather, of audacity, by the lady to the gentleman, equivalent to the expression, "Win me if you can."

Dead leaves of any plant whatever, particularly of a tree, are in almost every country, considered symbolic of sadness. In Russia it is customary to strew a grave with dead or withered leaves.

The tiger-lily is commonly considered an emblem of gaiety and levity. In some parts of India this flower is regarded with a superstitious awe akin to that felt for the animal from which it takes its name.

The orange flower is considered by the Sicilians as emblematic of generosity. In almost all parts of Europe, and also in this country, it is regarded as a wedding flower, "to wear the orange blossoms" being an euphemism for marriage.

SERVICES OF THE DOG.—In every clime this animal is found the friend and companion of man, guarding his home, guarding his flocks, giving his last breath to protect his master and his interests.

He draws the sledge of the Laplander and Greenlander. In Newfoundland dogs are yoked in pairs to draw home the cottagers' stores of winter fuel.

But the distinction which separates this noble animal from the rest of the brute creation is his devotion to man.

Pythagoras, when any of his favorite disciples were dying, caused a dog to be held to his mouth to receive his parting breath, saying that no animal was so worthy to perpetuate his virtues.

We laugh at the doctrine, but we endorse the Pagan's high opinion of the brute. Who has not felt touched by the narrative of the youth who fell from a precipice of the Helvellyn mountains, and whose remains were found there months afterwards, his dog, reduced to a skeleton, still guarding them!

How many narratives have we read of men saved from drowning by the Newfoundland dog! Or what shall we say of the Alpine spaniel, the dog of Mount St. Bernard?

Reared in the convent, situated on one of the most dangerous passes of the Alps, he goes out with a little cask of spirits round his neck, and, guided by unerring instinct to the traveler who is overtaken and buried by the snow-storm, he scrapes away the snow, rouses the benumbed body, invites him to drink, and barks till the monks come to his assistance.

One St. Bernard dog alone saved forty lives in this way; till one night this noble animal and another, with two monks and a courier, whom they were conducting to his home, were buried beneath an avalanche.

It is not, then, an unimportant matter that the breed of dogs should be attended to. Like the breed of horses and sheep, it is an art; and we have an interest, not confined to the sporting world, in maintaining the noble qualities of this animal.

TEACHERS AND PARENTS.—"Do we get many notes from parents?" remarked a teacher to an interviewer.

"Oh, yes, we get letters of all kinds—advice, complaints, threats, and excuses. On Friday afternoons the pupils recite their 'pieces' and read compositions.

"One afternoon we let them give quotations. The next day a girl brought me this note:

"'DEAR MISS.—We don't want Maria taut potashuns. Yu are paid to teech her rithmertick, reading, and spelling, that is all.—MRS B.'

"Poor Maria preferred the 'potashuns' to the 'rithmertick,' and the former had acted as a stimulant to the latter. What do you think of this heartless epistle:

"'DEAR TEACHER.—I hopes, as to my dorter Kate, you will flog her just as often as you can. She is a bad girl, is Kate. Although I've been in the habit of teeching her miself, it seems to me she will never learn anything. Her spellin' specially is outragusly deficient. Wallup her well, and you will receive my hearty thanks.—Yours truly, MRS. ——'

"'P. S.—Wot accounts for Kate bein' such a bad scoller is that she is my dorter by my husband's first wife.'"

Be assured that all the best things and treasures of this world are not to be produced by each generation by itself; we are all intended, not to carve our work in snow that will melt, but each and all of us to be rolling a great white gathering snowball higher and higher, larger and larger, along the Alps of human power.

Humorous.

"TRY" AND "CAN'T."

The Fox said "Try," and he got away
From dogs that had chased him all the day.

The Bee said "Try," through the summer hours,
And so to honey was turned the flowers.

The Squirrel said "Try" and quick and free,
He went to the top of the highest tree.

The new-fledged Lark said only "Try,"
And singing he flew to the far blue sky.

"Try" ploughed the field and reaped the wheat,
"Try" won the race; "Try" won the seat.

"Try" gained the port 'gainst wind and tide,
"Try" gathered the gold and won the bride,

"Try" filled the hole, and mended the rent,
"Try" won and conquered wherever he went.

But "Can't-do-it," since he was born,
Has never won anything else but scorn.

—E. B.

How to get to the root of a thing—Dig.

The royal road to marriage—Going to court.

You will seldom find an attorney at law. He knows better.

The latest definition—A naturalist, one who catches gnats.

To anglers.—To properly bring up some fish, you should not spare the rod.

Johnnie: Mother, Adam and Eve lived in Paradise. What was it like there?

Mother: I like what it is here, dear, when you five children are all at school.

She: Was it hot at the club last night, George?

He: Yes, indeed, love. We became so warm we all commenced to smoke.

A clergyman the other day described "Mother Church" as standing "with one foot firmly planted upon the earth, while the other pointed towards heaven."

Hoax: I bought a pair of shoes four years ago, and I haven't worn them out yet.

Joax: You don't say?

Hoax: Yes. I wore them in the house.

An eccentric blacksmith at the Bridge of Allan was observed to plant his cabbages zigzag, instead of in rows. On being asked the reason, he replied, "It's to pit the snails aff the track!"

Lady, engaging a servant: We are all total abstainers; but I suppose you don't mind that?

Servant: Oh, no, mum! I've been in a reformed drunkard's family before.

Lady of the house, to servant: Bridget, this is altogether too much; you have a new follower in the kitchen every week.

Bridget: Well, ma'am, ye see, the food in this house is so bad that nobody'll come here for longer than a week!

Vicar, severely, to his cook: Mary, you had a soldier in to supper last night!

Servant: Yes, sir; he's my brother.

Vicar: But you told me you had no brother.

Servant: So I thought, sir, until you preached last Sunday, and told us we were all brothers and sisters.

"Is it true that they weigh the anchor every time the ship leaves port?" said she to her husband.

"Yes."

"Dear me—how very unnecessary! Why don't they make a memorandum of its weight?"

A boarding-house keeper advertises: "Single gentlemen furnished with pleasant rooms, also one or two gentlemen with wives." This is a match for the steamboat captain's card of a water excursion,—"Tickets, twenty five cents; children, half price—to be had at the landing."

A French lady was learning the English language. She had made very good progress, she thought, and one day accepted an invitation to dine with some English friends. As the dinner went on, she was offered a dish that was new to her. Not fancying its appearance, she declined it, saying, "Ah, thanks, no; I eat only acquaintances!"

Mistress: I am very glad to see you home in time, Margaret. Did you have a good time at your cousin's funeral?

Margaret: Indade, mum, Oi had jist an illigant toime. Oi sat in a foine coach wid th' carps' husband, an' he squazed me hand an' towld me: "Troth Margaret, an' yo're jist the belle av th' funeral."

"They say that it's mighty hard for a candidate to keep from repeating himself in his speeches."

"It isn't true, however. Many's the time I've heard a candidate declare that he would not accept a nomination, and after it was put where he could really get hold of it, he never thought of saying the same thing over.

"No," said the man with blue glasses, "I never encourage mendicancy. But here is a book which I will give you. Read it, my friend; read it and improve your mind."

"What is it about?"

"Money."

"Mister, I'm sorry I can't act grateful. I know you mean well, but I'm a materialist. I can't believe there is any such thing until I see it."

COURTING DEATH

Perhaps the greatest mortality arising from a recognized industry is occasioned by the fearful work which goes on in the quicksilver mines.

The chief mines in Europe are at Almaden, in Spain, and Idria, in Austria. Originally these mines were worked by criminal labor, but now it is a paid industry and the workers have to be induced to enter the mines by the promise of premium terms.

Their pay is high, and at the latter place a pension is given each man when disablement compels him to cease work, and in the event of death the widows and children are provided for. The symptoms induced by quicksilver mining are analogous with those of mercury poisoning.

A deadly pallor invests the features, the appetite is killed, dark lines appear around the gums, then comes a trembling, the dropping out of the teeth, with excruciating rheumatic-like pains in the bones, and lastly death puts an end to the extreme suffering.

Many of those occupations which necessitate the inhalation of dust particles of more or less solid and sharp material are a danger to life, and in innumerable cases eventuate in the death of the poor worker.

Take the sand paper industry, for instance. As is well known, the glass or sand used is inhaled by the workers to a greater or less extent. Its corrosive action on the delicate membranes of the bronchial organs and lungs soon gives rise to all the terrible symptoms of consumption.

While speaking of those occupations whose dangers to life arise from the inhalation of dust given off during the various processes, we must not omit the mention of that of dry grinding.

In Sheffield, where this is carried on to a great extent, the workers are compelled to wear spectacles. These, of course, protect the eyes, but, by the nose and mouth, particles of metal and sand enter the system, and in a multitude of cases "grinder's rot" is the result.

In many of these and allied occupations precautions are provided in the shape of respirators, but, strange as it may appear, some of the men, who are perfectly aware of the enormous risks attaching to their calling, decline to wear them.

Workers in the potteries follow their occupation with great risk to their lives. In addition to imbibing cutting and corrosive atoms of clay, flint, felspar, and calcined bone, they have difficulty in escaping the inhalation of poisonous substances connected with their work.

The lead industries, as is well known, are prolific in causing disease and death. Terrible some of the diseases are, too, including kidney disease, colic, anthralgia, paralysis, muscular atrophy, loss of sight, convulsions, anæmia and others.

Speaking of the dangers of lead mining, Dr. Greenhow says that in one mine "all the men became short breathed before forty years old."

Copper and tin mining are also very deleterious to health on account of the great depth at which the men have to work, and the consequent exposure to offensive air and great heat.

The Cornish miners are, as a rule, a very stalwart looking race, but as a writer who has made a close study of the subject remarks, "nearly all who work continuously for a number of years in these extremely deep mines suffer, sooner or later, from some form of pulmonary disease."

Match making must necessarily be included in an article of this description, owing to the deadly nature of the ingredients worked with.

Of late years, however, the mortality among match makers has been greatly reduced by the erection of better ventilated work rooms, and by the substitution of amorphous for ordinary phosphorus.

The symptom of disease first observable among the workers is toothache, and this is followed by ulceration, fetid suppuration, and destruction of the jaw, known as "Phossy jaw."

The match makers of America, however, are much more favorably circumstanced than those of other countries, and this fell disease, owing to increased care, better ancillary conditions, and more cleanliness, is nothing near so common here as it is abroad.

Chemical workers are naturally exposed to great danger from the inhalation of obnoxious fumes. Particularly is this the case with those whose bread is earned in the alkali or bleaching powder works.

The first stage in this important industry consists in the manufacture of the hydrochloric acid which is necessary as the source of chlorine, and for this purpose common salt is acted upon by sulphuric acid. The result is chlorine gas and a refuse known as "salt cake."

CHILDREN often seem to say very absurd things, for which they are ridiculed or abashed. Nothing, however, can be crueler than this; for the child has merely done what many a philosopher has done before him—jumped to a wrong conclusion; and if, instead of being ridiculed and made to distrust himself, and avoid venturing his little speculations before us in future, we should have discovered how naturally perhaps the idea had arisen, or how ingeniously, through a lack of knowledge, the little mind had put together incongruous things.

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No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck. No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

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Also DOLLARD'S RECUPERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 20, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.
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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.53, 7.30, 10.00, 10.32, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.08, 4.10, 5.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 10.32, a m, 12.54 (dining car), 4.10, 5.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 5.00, 8, 15 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 8.00, 7.30, 9.00, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on all night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.34, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.24, 8.22, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.20, 6.34, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.25, 7.45, 11.00 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.34, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.30, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. Accom., 6.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m. Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 6.34, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.00 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom 6.34 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m, Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 3 00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.35, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.50, 8.15 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.30, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 1005 Chestnut street, 609 S. Third street, 3902 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

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No greater attraction has ever been presented to the Philadelphia public than the

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With Victor Herbert as Conductor, gives two concerts daily, every afternoon at 3 and every evening at 8 P. M. These concerts are absolutely free of charge.

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Every Afternoon and Evening

Boats from Arch and South Sts. Wharves, direct to the Park, every 15 minutes from 9 A. M. until 10 P. M. Boats from Otis Street Wharf, Kensington, daily, at 10 A. M., 12 noon, 2, 4 6 and 8 P. M.

Round Trip Fare, 20c.

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